

# THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

The only official publication of the HOLY NAME SOCIETY in the United States

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## Asides

Despite the title of his contribution, "Take Away My Television," **RAYMOND BOYLE** isn't really mad at television. He's peeved with himself, as a lot of us might be were we beside Mr. Boyle watching a film about the work of our Catholic missions.

From Pittsburgh we have a remarkable story about one man's reaction to the message of Fatima. Don't miss reading "A Holy Name Man In Action."

There are unexpected Catholic hints in two articles that may be of interest to you: **JOSEPH LYON** submits "The Symbol Of Hope" and **BARRY FORD** offers "On With The Dance."

**EDWARD R. MERRICK**, in "Orestes Brownson, The Battling Philosopher," brings to life again the career of a difficult but endearing old Yankee you ought to know about. And "Ghost Writer Of The American Revolution," by **RUTH OSWALD**, tells you about another important early American.

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# Editorial Page



## Why a Catholic Press

Even when Catholics hear the highest authorities of the Church designate February as Catholic Press Month, some of them are honestly puzzled as to the need for a Catholic Press. Such Catholics claim they are able to receive all knowledge required from the pages of the secular press. In their judgment, a Catholic Press is an unnecessary expense. It is true the expense entailed in maintaining such a Press is high. However, there is a higher consideration, a purpose or value estimated by Pope Leo XIII, who said: "Among the best methods for the defense of religion, there is none more suited to the present age and none more efficacious than the press." Although these words were used over fifty years ago, the idea expressed is wholly applicable in this year of 1952.

Since Colonial times, when the Catholic Press first saw the light of day in this nation, a sincere effort on the part of that Catholic Press has been made for the defense and propagation of truth and for the advancement of its readers in a better understanding of the Catholic religion. Many Catholics, it is sad to say, have but slight opportunity to continue the study of their religion after their reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation. This is odd when it is known that religion is of such vital importance. Nothing comes ahead of learning of God and preparing oneself for eternity with Him. Nevertheless it is only the minority that follows extensively the pursuit of eternal truth.

Professional men and women continue to study reference works and current tracts pertaining to their profession in order to expand their knowledge and keep abreast of developments. Yet many Catholics, instead of following such a worthy example, depend for their knowledge of God only on the instructive sermons delivered at the Sunday Masses. This is hardly enough. There must be a complement to such instruction, and the expensive but necessary Catholic Press will furnish this vital need.

THE modern Catholic Press, particularly in the field of the Catholic magazine, is unable to fulfill its desire of enlightening or influencing all Catholics. This is due in general to the dearth of subscribers, for few Catholic magazines have a truly ample subscription list. However, since many Catholic magazines specialize in one or another facet of Catholic devotion, the woeful lack of subscribers cannot be attributed to needless competition among the magazines which compose the Catholic Press. Indeed many people subscribe to various Catholic magazines just because they feel it is a religious duty. Were mere financial support the only reason for subscribing, then it must be admitted there is a waste of time and effort by editors and authors of Catholic magazines.

There is a real need for the Catholic magazine. The material printed in such magazines can and does influence many to live as better Catholics. But is it not discouraging to hear Catholics quoting parrot-like the ideas of religion expressed by authors found only in secular magazines? If questioned, a number of such people will admit they subscribe to Catholic magazines, but they also admit, rather sheepishly, to seldom reading the latter. A Catholic who reads Catholic magazines will be a well-informed Catholic, for he will at least know how Catholic principles will assure him peace of soul and encourage him in following the pathway indicated by Christ to attain eternal glory. These offerings, alas, are not to be found in the full color, glistening pages of the secular press.

Obviously the editorial staff of the *Journal* would appreciate having each of the four and a half million members of the Holy Name Society as subscribers to this magazine. We know this is impossible, but we do hope that every subscriber of the *Journal* reads the pages of our magazine and is a better Catholic and Holy Name man because of his reading.



# Why Don't You READ A Catholic Magazine?

by Louis C. Fink

A Catholic writer lays it on the line—do Catholics  
get the good out of our Press?

I'M A CATHOLIC WRITER for Catholic magazines, so maybe I'm prejudiced. But here's what happens. Something of mine appears in one of the magazines or newspapers, a friend stops me and says, "Say, I saw you had an article in ———. That's wonderful!"

Suspecting a little idle flattery (which is not good for a writer's soul), I ask my friend what he thought of the point I tried to make on page two. Too often I get this answer, "Oh, I bought the magazine in church, but I haven't had time to read it. So many things to do, you know."

Well, naturally I wonder if anybody reads my stuff. They do; I know that from the letters which come pouring in. If I make an error anywhere along the line. Or even if I express a view which some of my readers may not like. (My mail jumped way up when I wrote that Saint Joseph might have been an old man when he married Mary—even though the Catholic Encyclopedia says it's quite possible.)

A writer is pleased when people write in; that's proof that they're reading his articles. But when a good friend tells you he bought the magazine, but "hasn't had time" to read it, then you begin to wonder how strong his interest in the Catholic Church really is. Naturally, nobody can read all the Catholic magazines. That's why we have a choice. And nobody reads a magazine all the way through. (I love the *Saturday Evening Post*, but I think it's love-stories are juvenile.)

Some Catholics have been sold part-way on Catholic magazines. That is, they are sold literally—they buy the magazines but they don't read them. They take the magazine out of a sense of duty, I suppose. I wonder if the inference is there that possibly they are the ones who attend Mass that way, too—because they feel obliged to. But without a Missal to follow the priest on the altar, of course. And without any clear idea of what the Mass really is.

The trouble may be with the Catholic magazines themselves. Maybe they're just not interesting enough. But that's hard to believe when you look at the variety available: there are five Catholic daily newspapers in this country; seven published twice a week; 126 which appear every week; 14 magazines which come out every two weeks; about 275 monthly magazines; and nearly 300 more which come out every quarter or once a year.

Now, of course many of these are of purely local interest. If you live in Maine, you won't be especially interested in *Catholic Action of the South*. The *Catholic Northwest Progress* out in Seattle won't appeal to you if you've lived all your life in Georgia. The *Catholic War Veteran* appeals to a limited group and so does the *Holy Name Journal*. *Catholic Women* won't be bought by many men. But if you'd take a look at the complete list, you couldn't help finding one Catholic magazine of real interest to you, whether it be *The*

*Thomist*, a journal for theologians, or *The Ligourian*, an excellent "general" Catholic monthly.

If your English is not so good, you might like a foreign-language publication. Catholic papers appear in Lithuanian, Czech, Slovak, French, Spanish, Polish, German, Italian, and other tongues.

If you're a child, you'll like the *Catholic Boy*, or *Young Catholic Messenger*, or *Children's Friend*. There are specialized Catholic magazines for nurses, theatrical people, missionaries, teachers, students, nuns and priests, housewives, librarians, and a host of others. They are written by people in your field, with your interests.

The circulation of many of these publications is small. They appeal to an audience that is small compared to our total population, but I suspect that their readership is faithful and that their readers go over them pretty carefully.

It's the general Catholic magazine that needs more careful attention from the general Catholic public. There's a duty involved; a duty not to buy the magazines, but to read them—to learn something of your faith, to stir your soul, to keep up with world developments, to learn what the Church is saying about modern problems, to store devotional topics in your heart.

But that approach might scare you away. *Reader's Digest*, it is true, didn't reach the fantastic circulation of nine million copies by selling to people who thought they had a duty to pay out 25



cents a month. It became successful by selling the kind of reading matter nine million people wanted to buy.

IN A DIFFERENT WAY, Catholic magazines give you readers what you ask for, too. You don't have to confess if you don't buy a Catholic magazine, and nobody makes you take a subscription. So the successful Catholic magazines are giving a great many readers what they have asked for. Publishing has to be that way.

The difference is that Catholic magazines won't appeal to the love of sensation that we all have. They won't run scare articles on sex or crime. But they do provide a solid fare of interesting articles on timely subjects, with some good fiction thrown in. If you're just buying a Catholic magazine (and not reading it) resolve to reform today. Take a look at what some Catholic magazines have to offer.

*America*, the national Catholic weekly review, specializes in the social, political, economic, and international scene. The editors are Jesuits and often the articles are weighty, though always valuable; they are frequently quoted in the general press.

*Columbia* is the national magazine of the Knights of Columbus. It publishes fiction as well as articles on current topics, and is well illustrated.

*Extension*, *The Sign* and *St. Anthony's Messenger* are all magazines of general interest. They have sports columns, movie departments, stories, and articles. They are done professionally and they have as much appeal as their competitors in the million-circulation class.

*The Catholic Digest* is a pocket-sized publication which has attained wide popularity. It is even published in Braille for the blind.

There are a number of magazines with rather limited circulation, but definitely on the way up. Some of the best, for my choice, are *The Companion of St. Francis* and *St. Anthony* (published in Mt. St. Francis, Indiana), *Padre* (a newcomer published by the Franciscans in the Bronx), and *The Family Digest* (published by the editors of the weekly

*Our Sunday Visitor*).

In a class by itself, *Maryknoll* contains the best pictures and mission articles you'll see anywhere.

There's no point in going on with the list. It will only get me in trouble with the hundreds of fine Catholic magazines I can't mention. The ones I have mentioned happen to be personal favorites.

If you don't know how to obtain some of these Catholic magazines, here are some suggestions:

- a. Consult the list in the National Catholic Almanac, found in many public libraries.
- b. Ask the librarian at your Catholic school, college, or library.
- c. Ask a public librarian to show you a list.
- d. Visit your Catholic book store.
- e. Look over the magazines on display in almost every Catholic church.
- f. Ask your pastor to suggest some reading matter. He probably gets sample copies of many of the best.

Do these Catholic magazines have really good material? The answer is yes. Just possibly, they may be more thoughtful than some of the easy-to-read stuff in magazines of general circulation. They are all the better because of that, and once you get into the habit of reading a Catholic publication regularly, you'll find how enjoyable it can be. And what it can do for your faith!

THERE are plenty of brilliant Catholic writers. Not all of these are newspaper and magazine contributors, but all of them are Catholics, and have achieved wide fame. Just at random, here are some Catholic writers you may have heard of (and maybe never realized some of them are Catholic):

Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Abbe Dimnet, Graham Greene, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Father John Kennedy, Jacques Maritain, Alfred Noyes, Sigrid Undset, Bishop Sheen, Father Gillis, Carlton Hayes, Katherine Burton, Padraic Colum, Bob Considine, Dorothy Day, Father Walter Farrell, Father Hubbard, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Greta Palmer, Clare Booth Luce, Evelyn

Waugh, and Barbara Ward. That's only a sample. A few of them have died recently, but their works are still in print.

I would say that if you don't recognize at least half of the names in the above list, then you really have been neglecting your Catholic reading.

THE Catholic press is not something new in America. Catholic writers have been publishing books and contributing to magazines for a long time. The first Catholic publication in this country was the *Courier de Boston*, founded in 1789. It had only a short life. Another short-lived publication was the *Michigan Essay and Impartial Observer*. It was started by the Rev. Gabriel Richard, the only priest who ever served in Congress, back in 1809.

These were secular publications with a Catholic background. In 1822, Bishop John England of Charleston founded the first strictly religious paper, the *United States Catholic Miscellany*. The Diocese of Charleston was scattered over three States, and the Bishop established his paper to combat the lies which always seem to be spread about Catholics. Soon a host of Catholic papers got under way: *The Telegraph of Cincinnati*, *The Pilot* of Boston and *The Catholic* of Pittsburgh. All three are still going, and we have 122 years of successful Catholic journalism.

In 1919, Catholic journalism got a new lift. The National Catholic Welfare Conference was established and its press department took over and enlarged some of the functions of the Catholic Press Association. We now have the National Catholic News Service, with correspondents on the spot in many parts of the world.

February is Catholic Press Month, and there will be a special day set aside as Catholic Authors' Day. It's a good time to review your program of Catholic reading. If you "don't have time" to read a Catholic paper or magazine—at least one—you'd better review your time schedule. Maybe something else isn't really as important to you as the Catholic press is.



# *Ghost Writer* of the *American Revolution*

by **Ruth Oswald**

**Little known Fillipo Mazzei thanklessly planted seeds  
of liberty—but Jefferson never forgot him.**

IT WASN'T a romantic journey that brought Fillipo Mazzei to London in the year 1767. The Grand Duke of Tuscany had asked him to secure for him a couple of stoves from the inventor, Benjamin Franklin, who was in London as representative of the Colony of Pennsylvania.

Nor was Mazzei a stranger in London. He had lived there for seventeen years before returning to his native Italy. He had conducted a very thriving import business there, dealing in wine and olive oil. It was an odd pursuit for a doctor, but Fillipo Mazzei was not wedded to his profession, although on occasion he did practice medicine.

History does not record whether Mazzei secured the stoves to warm up the chilly palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or whether he forgot about this important mission in the rush of events that followed. Mazzei was very much disgusted with Europe in general. Its politics and intrigue sickened him. He and Benjamin Franklin struck up a warm friendship, and in Franklin's drawing room he met some very interesting Virginians who spoke glowingly of the new land on which they lived and urged the Italian doctor to organize a company to promote the culture of silk worms, olives and wine grapes in Virginia.

Mazzei liked the idea and after returning to Italy to recruit men and the necessary materials needed for the new venture, he set out on the horticultural expedition, which was to land him in the middle of America's fight for freedom. In fact, Mazzei has been credited with initiating the revolution. He arrived safely in Virginia and was well received by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Peter Randolph, George Mason, James Madison and Patrick Henry.

THOMAS JEFFERSON not only bought shares in the company but placed 2,000 acres of land at the disposal of Fillipo Mazzei for his experiments. During their conferences over silk worms and olives, Mazzei and Jefferson learned that they had something in common that was far more important than horticulture. It was a commodity called national liberty, a budding branch of democracy.

Mazzei's ideas on the subject brought him into sharp conflict with his new friends. Although the Colonies were restive during the years of 1773-74 and 75, yet the Colonial leaders did not want an open break with England. Mazzei could see no other course and urged it. He had lived in England and could see no such merit in the British Constitution as the Virginians expressed for that document.

The Virginians for the most part, however, were tolerant of Mazzei's radical views on the subject. Not being of British descent, he felt no ties of loyalty, and being a devout Catholic he naturally had more than a little antagonism against the British Crown for the way it had persecuted the Catholic Church from the time of the Reformation. His uncle and brothers were priests and he felt very strongly on the question of religious liberty.

In 1774 Fillipo Mazzei wrote an article in Italian which Thomas Jefferson translated into English for *The Virginian Gazette*, but not without a few misgivings. Mazzei, signing himself "Furioso" wrote, "All men are by nature free and independent. Such equality is necessary in order to create a free government. Class distinction has always been and will always be an effective obstacle, and the reason for it is very clear. When in a nation you have several classes of men all must have their share in the government of the country, otherwise one class would dominate the others. But each share cannot be made perfectly equal, and even if it were possible they would not be maintained in perfect balance; and as soon as one exceeds the others the whole must crumble. I repeat; a True Republican government cannot exist unless all men from the



richest to the poorest are perfectly equal in their natural rights. Representative democracy which would include every individual in a single body without distinction is certainly the only government under which true and lasting liberty can be enjoyed."

**SOME** OF the phrases in that statement have a familiar ring. Thomas Jefferson used them two years later while writing the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson had a great admiration for Mazzei, even when he disagreed with him.

"You can never achieve liberty or work out the kind of a system which you and George Washington and the others want until you break with England," Mazzei insisted. Later Jefferson wrote that he had been quite surprised at the idea.

Fillipo Mazzei found himself at home in America. He recognized the immense possibilities of the new continent if it should ever become an independent nation. He was certain however, that it could never reach its destiny as a colony of a European state whose rulers failed to recognize its potential greatness and who were more interested in quick profits from the country than in working to develop its resources.

His constant insistence on these points exerted a profound influence on Jefferson and on others of the founding fathers. Men came from as far as 150 miles to talk to him. His voice was always the one listened to in the Assembly, to which he was often invited.

At length as the oppressive measures of the British Crown became too heavy, Mazzei saw the dream which he had so long anticipated come true. The American Colonies declared themselves free. Thomas Jefferson had even incorporated his teachings in the Declaration that proclaimed the independence of the Colonies. It was a triumphant moment for the Italian doctor. When the Americans took up arms to defend themselves against the reprisals inflicted by Great Britain, Mazzei forgot all about silk worms, wine grapes and olive oil. He recruited his Italian workmen, all of whom took up arms to help the

Colonies in their fight for freedom. They enlisted as private soldiers in the Independence Company of Albermarle County, which marched to the coast to fight the British only to find that the enemy had left. Patrick Henry gave a special commendation to Mazzei and his men.

**I**N 1777 Mazzei was busily engaged in raising a volunteer army of his own when his Virginian friends urged him instead to fight on the diplomatic front. He was sent to Europe as a special agent

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### The Rock And The Sea

The rock and the sea and the desert sand,

These shall endure when our love is dead;

The stars and the sun and the fertile land

These shall outlast the clinging hand.

Why can we never understand

The truth of something that once was said:

The things of man are too quickly past,  
Only the things of God can last.

—LALIA MITCHELL THORTON

---

of the State of Virginia. There he was instrumental in winning French aid for the American cause. Even while in Paris, however, his mind was on the military struggle, and in 1780 he wrote to Jefferson describing a military plan which was used and eventually resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After the revolution proved successful Mazzei continued his crusade for absolute democracy and spoke freely and frequently of the necessity of incorporating religious freedom in the Constitution. This was not a popular subject in the early days of our country. The fact that Mazzei was a Catholic did not make his views on the subject very palatable to men with prejudiced minds. He met with considerable opposition even from

those whom he considered his friends. He never lost the friendship of Thomas Jefferson, who championed him on every possible occasion.

In 1784 Mazzei considered it expedient to return to Europe and there establish his permanent residence. It is interesting to recall that two other Catholic patriots who had done so much for the cause in America's fight for freedom, Count Casimir Pulaski and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, considered it best to return to their homelands rather than to remain in the country for which they had given their all. Mazzei left with a heavy heart. He wrote to friends, "I am leaving but my heart remains in America."

At home in Italy, Mazzei wrote his "Memoirs." He died in 1816. Jefferson held steadfastly to the dream that some one would write a biography of his Italian friend, but no one ever did until after 100 or more years. This naturally left the facts of Mazzei's life and the part which he had played in the Revolution sketchy and incomplete. His "Memoirs" were not published in Italy until 30 years after his death. They were not translated into English until 1942.

**I**T APPEARS, from objective study at this date, that our early historians overlooked many patriots who played important rôles in winning our independence while they over-indulged themselves in writing of others whose contributions were not any greater and perhaps not as great, as those whom they chose to ignore. Few Americans are familiar with the story of Fillipo Mazzei, yet his ideas have gone a long way in the formation of our political government.

It is often stated that Thomas Jefferson made a study of the writings and ideas of the two great Catholic theologians, Robert Bellarmine and Francisco Suarez. Many of their ideas were incorporated in his own historic writings. It is quite possible, if not probable, that he was introduced to these great thinkers by his friend Fillipo Mazzei, who has often been called "The Ghost-Writer of the American Revolution."



# Take Away My Television!

by Raymond M. Boyle

**"They showed this movie of the Chinese missions—and it surely didn't add to my amusement."**

**A**NTONINO ROCCA had just drop-kicked his opponent to the canvas and won the wrestling match. I was going to turn the television set off when the announcer said to stay tuned for a short movie entitled "The Kid Down the Block." That sounded interesting. I like kids in the movies, and it was too early to go to bed, anyhow. I stayed tuned. Now I wish I had gone to bed, because that movie kept me awake half the night and has bothered me all day.

It was all about mission work in China! I sort of always knew the missionaries have been working in China a long time, but I never knew exactly what they did. Whenever I thought about them, maybe once or twice a year when we have an extra collection for some missions, I imagined them baptizing babies. Of course, it stands to reason that they don't baptize babies 24 hours a day, but I never bothered to think about what else they might do. After all there are a million and one things to think about right here every day, such as what's on television, what makes the baby cry at two o'clock in the morning, and what's the matter with my boss. My mind gets crowded enough without thinking about some guys over in the middle of China.

I guess I should have thought about them more, though, because missionaries are the fourth mark of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. I've been going to Mass every Sunday for almost 30 years, reading the Gospels and listening to the sermons. Still, I never thought about the missions very much. Maybe I

don't think about the other three marks enough, either.

Anyhow, this television film showed what a bunch of Maryknoll Missioners have been doing over in China. I don't

## Mountain Mission

Back in the days when conditions were more peaceful in South China, Father Lloyd I. Glass, Maryknoll Missioner from Cresco, Iowa was on a mission trip to a village high in the mountains. Although he is a strong man, Father Glass found that he had to stop often and rest, on the way up. The Mass kit and his baggage got heavier and heavier. As he was resting a little Chinese girl ran down the mountain and offered to carry the heaviest grip the rest of the way. She insisted, and he gave in. The next morning, she was in line at the portable dispensary. "I've felt very weak for some days," she said.

—Maryknoll

know whether they're still working there, or whether they're inside some Communist jail. I would have enjoyed the picture, except that it made me think.

I remember there was a Father Lloyd Glass from Iowa. He had a Boys Town for Chinese youngsters and was teaching them how to play baseball. Ordinarily, I would like to watch that, but just the other night my own six-year old

boy wanted me to play catch with him. There I was, all tired out after a hard day's work, and I could think of a dozen things I'd rather do, such as take a nap and then eat, or else eat and then take a nap. So I told him no, it was too cold to play catch.

"But Daddy, you promised you'd play catch with me sometime," he said.

"Yes, but not on the coldest day of the year."

"Yesterday was colder than today."

"Don't answer your father back," I said, because I knew he was right.

"You never do anything I want you to," he said.

"Now, now, we went to the game last week, didn't we?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but you wanted to do that, and I went with you. Now I want to play catch and you don't."

"When you get to be a father you'll understand," I assured him. "The first nice day we'll play catch."

Well, I had my nap and then ate, and felt pretty good. But when I saw this Father Glass, who is running a Boys Town for about a hundred kids, I didn't feel so good. I wondered if he does what they want, or they do what he wants, and if he ever makes up excuses for not wanting to play ball with them? I suppose I could have found enough energy to skip the nap and play catch, at that, without serious physical damage.

**T**HEN the movie showed another Maryknoller, a Father Teddy McCabe, who had started a farming coöperative near his mission. There were shots of the



people working together, helping each other with the plowing and harvesting, loaning their animals to one another, and running a real community project.

But that word "coöperative" happens to be one of my wife's favorites. She uses it somewhat differently, though. "You're not the least bit coöperative," is the way I usually hear it, shouted from the kitchen when she's washing dishes and I'm reading a newspaper.

My wife has a peculiar theory that dishes have to be done at a certain time, and she assumes that everyone agrees with her. Personally, I think the time to do dishes is after reading the paper. However, I don't expect everyone to agree with this view, and I certainly do not try to force it on anyone, especially anyone like my wife.

"Are you going to help with these dishes?" she calls.

"Yes," I answer, "right after I finish the paper."

"You're not the *least bit coöperative*," she says. "You know I like to have things cleaned up and put away. I don't see how anyone can sit down and watch someone else work."

"I'm not watching you," I reminded her. "I'm reading my paper."

"Oh, read your old paper," she says. "You're not the least bit coöperative."

By the time I become what my wife would call coöperative, after the sports pages, the dishes are finished. It's just as well that she didn't see that film; it only would have given her more ammunition. All of Father McCabe's farmers were working together at the same time, helping each other all they could. They all seemed cheerful and happy, too. Next week I might try doing the dishes first and then reading the paper just to see how it feels. I don't think the baseball salaries and purchases will change while I'm in the kitchen.

Well, that's the way it was during the entire movie. It only lasted 20 minutes, but that was too long. Nearly every incident reminded me of something else which bothered me.

**T**HERE was a Father Maurice Feeney who was teaching some Chinese young-



"ANOTHER SCENE SHOWED A MISSIONER, JUST ABOUT MY AGE, WORKING IN A LEPER COLONY . . ."

sters how to box, in the film. He used to be a first-class lightweight amateur boxer back home, but he gave that up to enter Maryknoll Seminary and study for foreign mission work. Last Saturday my wife asked me to break a bowling appointment to take her and the children downtown. Give up a bowling date! I protested loud and long, and finally wore her down. I rolled a miserable game and didn't even enjoy the exercise.

Another scene in this movie showed a missionary, just about my age, working in a leper colony. Without trying, I can think up a dozen good excuses for not visiting a friend in the hospital. That medicinal smell makes me sick, the sight of suffering patients disturbs me, and the details of an operation upset my stomach. I know that visiting the sick is a corporal work of mercy, but I prefer the easier ones, like giving drink to the thirsty. But that young priest doesn't visit the sick; he lives with them.

Then there was Father Peter Reilly, from Boston, and the modern school he built over in the middle of China. It's the only Catholic school for hundreds of miles, I think, or maybe even thousands. In my church last Sunday

there was an extra collection, for the support of the parish school. I dropped a dime in the basket, all the change I had. After Mass, of course, I had to stop at a store to buy a couple of newspapers and a few cigars, as usual.

A scene near the end of the Chinese mission film showed a Maryknoll Missioner working in a dispensary. He was treating sores, bandaging injuries, giving out pills, and everything else that is done in a dispensary. That priest must have gone at least 10,000 miles from home to spend the rest of his life helping people he doesn't even know. And me—just yesterday, on my way home from work, I was driving behind a car which stalled in the middle of the street. I'm not sure who the driver was, because I had to make a sharp turn and toot my horn to avoid bumping into his car. He looked like a man who lives around the corner from me, though. I suppose I could have circled around the block to find out whether he needed any help.

After watching those missionaries in action, I don't think I'll bother with the wrestlers on television any more. I know how it must feel to stop a drop-kick to the chin.



# Orestes Brownson, The Battling Philosopher

by Edward R. Merrick

A tough old Yankee, Brownson bowed  
to nothing but the truth.

**O**RESTES BROWNSON, early America's greatest Catholic philosopher, and one of the world's foremost masters of logic, rarely lost an argument. Almost any day in the week the tall, stocky journalist could be seen arguing with strangers on trains and ferries, in general stores and barber shops. Those who were rash enough to think they could resist his pulverizing logic seldom cared to repeat the experiment.

For those whose only concern was the attainment of truth, Brownson was an ideal associate. But for ordinary people whose lives were regulated more by feeling than by thought, he was much too rough and ready. Non-Catholics who reached to him for a helping hand he brusquely cracked on the skull, and then wondered why they would not agree with him.

Though Brownson was probably the most brilliant mind the Church in America had yet enjoyed, he seemed totally incapable of persuading, of appealing to the emotions of his readers. He was too impatient with ignorance to convert anyone. "He looked on people as fools for not admitting in an instant what it had taken him twenty years to find" (Maynard's life of Brownson).

Catholics were proud to welcome into their ranks the foremost philosopher of the day, but they were frightened by the boldness of their new champion. They realized the need for his powerful jour-

nalism, yet they were afraid that his antagonistic methods would stir up anew the seething anti-Catholic bigotry which had recently resulted in the burning of churches in Philadelphia and a convent in Charleston.

It is very difficult not to admire the courage with which he expressed his conviction, though his boldness in confessing his religion often went to the point of indiscretion. There was no need, for example, for him to roar at the innkeeper at Andover who served him meat at the common table on Friday, "Why don't you have something in your house a Christian can eat?"

On another occasion Brownson even resorted to physical violence to vindicate the honor of the Church. He was sitting in the office of Benjamin Greene, the publisher of his *Quarterly Review* when a man named Hoover began a bitter harangue against the Catholic Church. Brownson, who weighed over 240 pounds, rose furiously from his seat, grabbed the startled bigot by the coat collar and the seat of his pants and literally threw him over the stove.

**I**N SPITE OF such incidents it would be foolish to look on Brownson as a mere ruffian who delighted to roar down his opponents. Intellectually Brownson was the equal of any man in America.

The same love of truth which lead Brownson into the Church in spite of

the harm his conversion did to his career as a journalist urged him to step on sensitive toes for the sake of truth. In criticizing, Brownson was no respecter of persons. He even criticized Newman's essay on the development of Christian doctrine.

Father Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, and one of Brownson's closest associates, gave the key to Brownson's personality when he wrote in the *Catholic World*, "Without clearly seeing this passionate love of truth in him, it is, I think hardly possible to understand him."

Few of the natural joys of childhood were his. At an early age his family had to be broken up, for his widowed mother was unable to support all her children. Orestes was sent to live with a kindly old couple and was set to work on their farm, which was a good distance from his home in Stockbridge, Vermont, where he was born in 1803.

Since he had no companions his own age, he spent his evenings by the fireside straining his eyes by the flickering light, anxious to comprehend the meaning of every sentence. Though he received practically no formal education till he was fourteen, he was far ahead of his classmates in history and literature.

**A**T NINETEEN he was baptized a Presbyterian, but could not long remain one, finding it extremely difficult to swallow



Calvin's teaching of absolute predestination. From Presbyterianism he went to Universalism, with only a moderate amount of conviction but apparently enough to move him to apply for a license to preach in the Universalist churches.

His income from preaching must have been fairly sufficient, for in June, 1827, he married Sally Heally, a little woman with a great capacity for endurance. Orestes was not an ideal spouse. He was an affectionate father, but it was difficult for him to suppress his natural gruffness and irritability. Furthermore, like most scholars, he could hardly give as much attention to his family as is normally expected from a father. Usually he was either lost in thought or reviewing a book for his magazine.

By now he must have felt quite at home in the pulpit. During this period he served as pastor of several churches in Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York. He also edited the denominational magazine *The Gospel Advocate*, up to the time he left Universalism in 1829.

Brownson's mind, however, was definitely not settled. He was dissatisfied with all the existing churches. "They declare all men equal before God," he wrote, "and yet tolerate, yea, even uphold the greatest inequalities. They declare poverty a virtue, and riches a sin, and yet give the chief seats to the rich and baptize their means of gain."

In spite of his criticism of the Christian Churches, Brownson recognized the need for faith, and he was humble enough to realize his own need for an authoritative teacher, though he almost despaired of ever finding one.

Prior to his conversion, Brownson had become a figure of national importance. His *Review*, though not the largest in the country, was one of the most influential. Among his personal friends were such celebrities as Emerson, Channing, Alcott, Webster, and Buchanan. Before him stretched the prospect of a glorious career both as a journalist and as a philosopher.

His reputation as a philosopher was not restricted to his own country. In

1838 Charles Summer, the future Senator, paid a visit to the famous Parisian professor Victor Cousin, one of France's foremost philosophers. Cousin mentioned that he thought Brownson merited the vacant chair of philosophy at Harvard. And in 1853, no less than the great John Henry Newman offered Brownson a professorship at Dublin.

Brownson's drift Romeward might be described as gradual, logical, though almost unconscious. In 1832 he wrote a series of articles for the *Christian World* entitled the "Mission of Jesus." Not until these articles were reprinted in Catholic papers did he begin to realize how closely his own teachings resembled those of the Catholic Church.

During these pre-conversion days Brownson's closest confidant was Isaac Hecker, future founder of the Congregation of St. Paul (popularly known as Paulists), who was also moving Romeward. When finally Brownson became convinced of the truths of the Catholic Faith, in a typically fearless fashion, he published his convictions in the July issue of his *Review* telling his readers that "if the Church of Rome is not the one, holy, apostolic, catholic Church, then that Church does not exist. We have tried everything to escape this conclusion but escape it we cannot."

The following issue of his *Review* was somewhat less extensive in circulation. Many of his readers were supposedly intellectual, but they would never think of giving Catholicism a thought, never mind subscribe to a periodical whose sole editor was vehemently attached to Catholicism.

Issac Hecker preceded Brownson into the Church, but it was merely a question of taking the inevitable step more hastily; for Hecker in his diary records the extent of his dependence on Brownson, "He was the master, I the disciple, God alone knows how much I am indebted to him."

Brownson's reception into the Church, though foreshadowed, caused quite a stir in intellectual circles. For one so talented to make what many considered a fantastic decision, seemed almost inconceivable.

Bishop Fitzpatrick, who received Brownson into the Church urged him to continue his *Quarterly Review*. There were in America several Catholic periodicals but none were of the caliber of Brownson's *Review*. Furthermore, the existing periodicals were rather timid and defensive in tone. There was a need for a more vigorous Catholic publication.

Intellectually and spiritually Brownson enjoyed as a Catholic the security and peace he longed for. In later years he wrote, "I have, as a Catholic, enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible when I was a non-Catholic. Certitude is freedom. . . . I have not even the slightest temptation to doubt."

Peace of soul came with the faith, but he was not always at peace with fellow Catholics. Some of the most heated controversies of his life took place after his conversion. When asked years later whether his life among Catholics had been a bed of roses, he did not hesitate to answer, "Spikes, sir, spikes."

**B**BROWNSON was especially annoyed by the treatment he received from a few bishops—the more so because he had to be polite to such Church dignitaries.\*

Brownson made the sad mistake of failing to concur with Archbishop John Hughes in the controversial issue concerning the Americanizing of the Church in the United States. "Dagger John," as the Bishop was popularly known among non-Catholics,\*\* was much like Brownson in disposition. Both were outspoken and fearless champions of Catholicism.

When Brownson had concluded his commencement address at St. John's

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\* Brownson always treasured a letter of approval he received from the bishops of the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1849, and a letter of approbation from Pius IX received in 1854.

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\*\* Archbishop John Hughes acquired this nickname from his habit of writing after his name a hastily inscribed cross, which non-Catholics likened to a dagger.



College in New York, Archbishop Hughes, who was presiding, arose and delivered a contradictory address that was not very pleasing to Brownson.

On still another occasion when Brownson was the principal speaker, Archbishop Hughes arose after he finished and severely criticized Brownson's views. Brownson arose to defend himself, but Hughes ordered him to sit down. The wound was cut even deeper when after the ceremony the Archbishop was escorted from the assembly in triumph, surrounded by the principal men of the Diocese. Brownson, terribly humiliated, was left sitting alone in the auditorium.

Paradoxically, this was Brownson's greatest moment. For one so fiery, talented, and unaccustomed to defeat, this was the perfect setting for apostasy, but Brownson managed to swallow his pride, and kept the faith.

It has been said that humility was one Catholic virtue that Brownson never acquired. This assertion is probably a fallacy. No man so devoted to the truth of his religion as to bear the humiliation just described is basically proud. Humility is truth, and no one loved the truth more earnestly than Brownson.

It was this craving for truth that made him so unpopular a controversialist. Perhaps his transcendent ability did much to add to his unpopularity. No one likes to lose an argument and winning an argument with him was a rarity. Those who tried to match his logic seldom tried a second time. His reasoning was crushing and overwhelming, if not always convincing. In a sense Brownson's outstanding talent was also his greatest fault. Gruffness and utter confidence repel submission in the defeated.

Brownson could crush anyone in argument, but his methods were too harsh. Unlike Father Hecker, he had no capacity for an emotional appeal. He could not persuade. Yet in spite of this grave fault, as a champion of the Faith he was certainly not a failure. Perhaps it was not Brownson's rôle to persuade and convert, but merely to jolt an intellectually proud generation.

## ATTENTION, HOLY NAME MEN

PATRICK MARKEY, S.S.S.

Men the world over look with anguish upon an earth seething with strife, suspicion and subterfuge. But regardless of propaganda the people of the various nations are just as sick of it all, of war and the threats of war, as you and I. They look for a way to help bring the much-talked-about peace to the world, but confronted with diplomatic intrigue and political lying, they give up in despair. What can we do, they ask?

Catholics in general and Holy Name Men in particular ought to be the last to sit down and wring their hands despairingly. They know what they can do for peace. And they have to get down to that all-important business right now. They can pray! At long last we are coming to the realization, in spite of our atom bomb, hydrogen bomb, and our jet propulsion, that Christ wasn't being merely oratorical when He said: "Without Me you can do nothing." The world must return to Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Now, Christ is all these things in the Eucharist. And *we have* the Eucharist. All we have to do now is get down to the consecrated effort of bringing more and more Catholics to give God With Us the homage that is His due. Is not Christ the Prince of Peace?

Campaigns are going on all over the place. Most of them are campaigns for peace by doing this or that—form a committee, practice tolerance, get behind the U.N. But all of them together are scarcely worth the effort put into them, for the simple reason that *they leave out Christ*. We will campaign. As a matter of fact, we have already begun a special effort for peace. But our campaign doesn't forget Christ. Its sole objective is to get the world to remember Christ.

*Very concisely, our aim is to get the month of April recognized officially as the Month of the Holy Eucharist. During this month an all-out effort would be made by those participating in this campaign to honor Christ Eucharistic with something more than the usual attention.*

The consequences and benefits of a month dedicated solely to Christ Eucharistic are gratifying to think about. What a glory to Christ and the Catholic world, were all to make an extra effort to hear Mass and receive Communion daily throughout April! What a weapon for peace is Christ Eucharistic, Himself surrendering lovingly to us! Stop for a moment and think about the Prince of Peace as He listens to thousands upon thousands of earnest requests for peace to the world

and the establishment of His reign among men!

Think now of Christ Eucharistic found in tabernacles the world over. So few make use of this Weapon! Listen to His quiet reproach, "Oh man, where is thy faith?"

What's the matter with the world today? What's the matter with the man of today? There is no class of people, saint or sinner or inbetween, that can take Christ's words as a matter of course. We are sunk in our badness or in our goodness. Christ wants all men to come to Him: "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest." "Come to Me" means "Seek Me out in the Eucharist."

The campaign is on, but some still ask: is Eucharistic Month a real possibility? Answer that question yourselves. Are you willing to make the sacrifices which daily Mass and Communion will demand?

Men of many nations thought this campaign over and here is their answer: Since the movement originated in 1937, in New York City, it has spread into Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the British West Indies. Here in the United States the movement now claims close to 100,000 members, and this year promises to be a very successful one.

What are *you* going to do about the Month of the Holy Eucharist? You there, Holy Name Men, what are you going to do to spread the love of Christ Eucharistic? A big question, isn't it?

We don't want fanatics in our crusade for peace. We want ordinary, honest-to-goodness people who will do something more than rant and rave. We want people who aren't afraid to talk about Christ. People who think enough of and about Christ to want to do something extra for Him.

The very fact that you have read this article is proof that you are interested. Think it over. Talk it over in the family, with your friends, with your fellow workers. This is your opportunity to bring Christ into the market-place.

Write to us for leaflets on the Month of the Eucharist and membership blanks, for promotion purposes:

EUCCHARISTIC MONTH CENTER  
BLESSED SACRAMENT FATHERS  
17608 Euclid Ave. 194 E. 76th St.  
Cleveland 12, Ohio or New York 21, N. Y.



# The Generosity of Christ

V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

**W**HEN HE TROD the earth, unfailing generosity stemmed from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, true God, who is Uncreated Charity. The news of His coming swept the hills of Galilee like a forest fire. Plainsmen, farmers, villagers, recluses sought His Divine Presence. Once when the Lord Jesus had come from the synagogue of Capharnaum, Simon Peter had related to the Master that his mother-in-law was "keeping her bed, sick with a fever." The Blessed Master visited the lady and healed her. She arose and served their supper.

The Master spent that night at the home of Simon and Andrew. Rising before daybreak, He sought the desert to pray. Simon, Andrew and their friends knew where to find their Rabbi. "They are all seeking Thee, Master," cried His followers. Jesus arose from His prayers, saying, "Let us go into the neighboring villages and towns, that there I may preach. For this is why I have come."

It was not enough for the infinite love of the Son of God to become our elder brother in assuming human nature. Surely the Divine Mind never counted the cost of entering human life by the preface of an unspeaking childhood. He delighted to be with the children of men. He did not consider it robbery to be found in the habit of a man. He came as a lowly servant, protesting against the arrogance of The Twelve who disputed sharply as to which of them was reputed to be the greatest; "Let him . . . who is chief (become) as the servant . . . I am in the midst as he who serves" (St. Luke 22: 28).

The Master's generosity was centered upon His Apostles. He had chosen

them. He noted their enthusiasm, their bravery, their limitations, "for he knew what was in man" (St. John 2: 25). He gave Himself without reserve to those nearest to Him. He loved to encourage The Twelve, especially when they had found the discipline of the Master quite hard. When their hearts were heavy Our Lord would assure His own that He had never considered them servants but only his personal friends. He shared their common life as the least of the brethren. He set them a Divine example which the dullest of them was quick to appreciate. They beheld Him open wide the sanctuary of His Sacred arms to receive little children, when they rebuked the mothers who had brought them. They were also witness to His tears at the tomb of Lazarus, His friend and benefactor. There, with the other mourning Jews they assented, saying, "See how He loved him" (St. John 11: 37).

The generosity of the Master knew no bounds. It stood opposed to all forms of mere tolerance and petty bigotry. At Jacob's Well the Blessed Christ asked a woman for a drink of the water she was drawing. Taken by surprise, she reminded the All-knowing Lord that "Jews do not associate with Samaritans" (St. John 4: 9). The intolerance of His Twelve was marked on their faces. They were scandalized that their Master would condescend to speak with a Samaritan woman. Yet no one said, "Why dost thou speak with her?" The woman's composure showed that she was "at home" in the Divine Presence, which she was not slow to recognize.

Our Lord's generosity is shown in His patience with The Twelve. They

were so slow in "learning Christ." Even the beloved Disciple failed the Master on the occasion of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Jesus had "set his face" to go to the Holy City and had sent messengers before Him. They entered a town of Samaria to make ready for the Master's sojourn there. The Samaritans were rude to them and would not welcome the Master because of the fact they were going to Jerusalem. Anger arose in the hearts of the Apostles James and John, they said, "Lord, wilt thou that we bid fire come down from heaven and destroy them?" Again the Blessed Christ chided His followers, "You do not know of what manner of spirit you are; for the Son of Man did not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them" (St. Luke 9: 55).

**T**HE Blessed Lord walked the lanes of Galilee with The Twelve, generously healing the sick. No distance mattered. The quick, responsive generosity of the Divine Healer earned the love of the sick poor; the leper, the sinner. They thronged Him whenever He came into view and would not let Him pass till their souls had been filled with His graces and their bodies made whole again by the miraculous touch of His seamless robe.

Holy Name men recall the high courage of the Master in His generosity to the woman taken in sin. His enemies had condemned her in open court. They shrewdly planned to trap Our Lord as well and deferred their legal punishment of their pitiful victim till Jesus had given a verdict. They were confident that He would decide against the punishment which the law of Moses meted out for the poor creature. He thwarted them by writing on the ground. Was it their own sins which the Master spelt out before their eyes? The memory of this generous deed shows His Divine consideration for a helpless sinner, awaiting the first stone to crush her. Instead she received that which she never dreamed, a generous word from the All-loving Friend of Sinners.



# Cinderella of the Metals

by O. A. Battista

**It's tough, light and plentiful—we'll be making wide use of titanium.**

**T**ITANIUM METAL has been called the "Cinderella of Metals" because after many years of neglect it has recently been discovered to have a combination of the best features of aluminum alloys and stainless steels.

Once regarded as a chemical curiosity, when it turned up as an impurity in certain iron ores, it was reclassified as a chemical nuisance. Then chemists learned how to remove titanium from iron ore, and found that its oxide is intensely white. So, titanium dioxide got a job as a pigment for white paints. But until recently no one had much hope for the pure element as a metal. Getting it out of its ores in metallic form was very difficult.

The picture today is one of great promise. Man has learned how to extract titanium metal from its ores, and upon doing so in reasonably large quantities he has discovered that it is as strong as steel, as rust-proof as platinum, a little heavier than aluminum and resistant and strong at fiery temperatures. Pure titanium metal has all these features, and more besides.

Titanium is certainly not a new element, however, nor is it a scarce one. It was discovered in black beach sands in 1791 by an English clergyman and amateur chemist, William Gregor, rector of Bratton Clovelly, in Devon. It was named Titanium a few years later by an Austrian named Klaproth. He named it for the mythical Titans—Sons of Earth.

Actually titanium is plentiful in nature. The ninth most common element, and the seventh most common metal in the earth's crust, there is more of it in

existence than all the lead, zinc, tin, antimony, nickel, copper, gold, and silver combined. All vegetation and all coal are comprised largely of carbon—but the earth's crust and atmosphere have about 23 times as much titanium as carbon. There are millions of tons in the sands of the black beaches along Florida's Atlantic coast and the coast of Oregon. There are great deposits in Wyoming, Virginia, and Arkansas. Norway, Russia, China, and India have limitless supplies. What is claimed to be the largest deposit in the world has just been discovered near Lake Tio in the Lower Romaine Valley of Quebec.

Titanium metal is silver-white, light, and strong. It is less than twice as heavy as aluminum, but several times as strong. Its use instead of steel cuts weight 40 per cent with no sacrifice in strength. It can be machined, welded, surface hardened, forged, extruded, and cold formed.

Titanium's corrosion resistance is maintained against the violent acids. Aqua regia, which dissolves gold, does not damage titanium, even when hot. Industrial chemical processes, plagued with corrosion, can

use titanium for pipes, tanks, and fittings. Titanium is so completely resistant against salt water and salt air that it can be compared only with platinum in this respect.

It is virtually rust-proof. Samples of titanium immersed in the sea for 60 days showed no trace of corrosion.

Light, stainless titanium would be excellent for our 5¢ pieces. Collectors for coin machine operating companies would appreciate the metal's lightness.

Uses of titanium around the home will depend, more than in most applications, on low price. It may take years,



**TITANIUM IN SPONGE FORM BALANCED AGAINST STEEL PLIERS.**



but there is a possibility of use in window frames, roofing, storm windows, and panels. Its corrosion resistance may make it a contender for applications in cutlery, dishwashers, and other appliances. Its very poor heat conductivity makes titanium an ideal material for the handles of kitchen pots and pans.

Titanium also seems to have a host of potential uses in high-value, small-quality applications. These include orthodontic devices, sutures, bone splicing devices, and may include surgical instruments, watch springs, parts of scientific instruments, and maybe even golf clubs. A prominent maker of precision archery bows has made several of titanium, with good results.

Hardness combined with resistance to rusting makes the metal almost ideal for pen points and styluses. Its high resistance to an electric current, together with the fact that it can be drawn into an extremely fine wire, assures use in electric-lamp filaments and in radio tubes. With a pencil having a titanium tip, one can write indelibly on glass. Extremely thin lines drawn on a glass surface cannot be rubbed off or otherwise erased, except by special chemical processes.

**T**ITANIUM has long been known and used, not, however, as a metal but in its compounds. As an oxide, titanium has been hard at work since the early 1920's. Most of the very white house paints you see contain important proportions of titanium dioxide. This white pigment has an extremely high index of refraction. This is a technical way of saying that it is about the whitest stuff in existence. It reflects nearly all the light that falls on it. So good is it in this respect that seventy-five tons of paint are saved by the use of a titanium paint on one of Uncle Sam's battle wagons.

The whiteness and opacity of the oxide make it an important material in good paper. It makes white sidewall tires permanently white, adds color appeal to face powder, helps in white shoes, glassmaking, textile printing, and plastics.

Titanium oxide's most glamorous rôle by far, though, is in the form of gems.

When the powdered oxide is blown through a very hot flame, a molten mist forms, condenses and builds up on a zirconium pedestal in the form of a crystal boule. This boule can be cut and polished into gems more brilliant than diamonds, because it possesses the highest known index of refraction in the gem world. Scientists already are mak-

## What Serving Holy Mass Means

Theologians tell us that the more real the part you take in offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, the more largely you partake of its benefits. They teach that the acolytes are especially favoured in this respect. To serve Mass is the nearest approach one who is not a priest can make to celebrating it. You gain more merit and grace by serving Mass with faith and devotion than by merely hearing it. He who serves Mass kneels and moves among the Angels. The Angels look upon him with a kind of holy jealousy. He discharges an office in act which they discharge in desire. They associate him with themselves, for he has become a ministering Spirit in the flesh to the King of kings and Lord of lords, to Jesus Christ the Man God.

*Rally, A Monthly Catholic Review*

ing precious stones more dazzling than diamonds in this way. Thousands of women are proudly displaying them. Most titania stones are white, but they are also made in rich blue, orange-brown, red, green, and yellow. They sell for about one-30th the price of diamonds.

The possibilities of this gem with more fire than a diamond, are not limited to jewelry. Because of its superior light-gathering ability, it has important optical uses. As bigger crystals of optical purity are made, titania lenses might make possible powerful small telescopes, and smaller periscope tubes.

**T**ITANIUM METAL's meteoric rise on the metallurgy horizon began in late 1946 and was aided principally by publicity given an improved process for producing the metal from ore by the U. S. Bureau of Mines. The Bureau of Mines information concerned itself chiefly with the Kroll process, named for William J. Kroll, a citizen of Luxembourg who left Germany in 1939 and ultimately became associated with the Bureau in this country.

The aircraft industry promises to be possibly the largest single user of Titanium, largely because of the metal's high strength-weight ratio. It is expected to prove ideal for many structural and non-structural parts, for propellers and landing gear, and for many parts in jet engines where temperatures encountered remain under 800°F. When the alloys become available, aviation experts foresee a possible 20 per cent reduction in the weight of airplanes, which would more than double the plane's pay load of passengers, freight, fuel—or bombs.

Because of its excellent resistance to salt water corrosion, titanium has a bright future in certain marine installations even at its present price. It should be ideal for salt water piping systems, pumps and rotors, high speed propellers and water-lubricated bearings and shafts. It's not being entirely fanciful to foresee its use for entire ship hulls if the price can be reduced enough. A revolution in ship building could result.

Titanium may well find a high tonnage use in transportation. Tank cars, for example, may be able to combine profitably the advantages of light weight, strength, and corrosion resistance. However, the automobile industry is not likely to adopt the metal until its price gets under \$1 a pound.

Indeed, the future looks bright for titanium. All predictions are that this light, strong, and rust resistant metal will rival in importance aluminum, magnesium, and stainless steel.

This Cinderella of the Metals promises to take the spotlight in the years that lie immediately ahead and serve mankind in many new fields of application.



# Stanley Cup Story

by Joe Papara

**F**OR THE SAKE of a silver trophy that originally cost only \$50, teams in the National Hockey League commit mayhem all winter long. Players in the professional circuit use their clubs on each other's heads almost as frequently as they do on the puck.

Few sports equal ice hockey for speed, thrills, danger, force, and drama. Baseball often has its boring moments, as do football and basketball. But even a lop-sided hockey game packs excitement when an offensive-minded front line swoops down on the crouching enemy goalie, intent on slamming the puck into the nets for a big point.

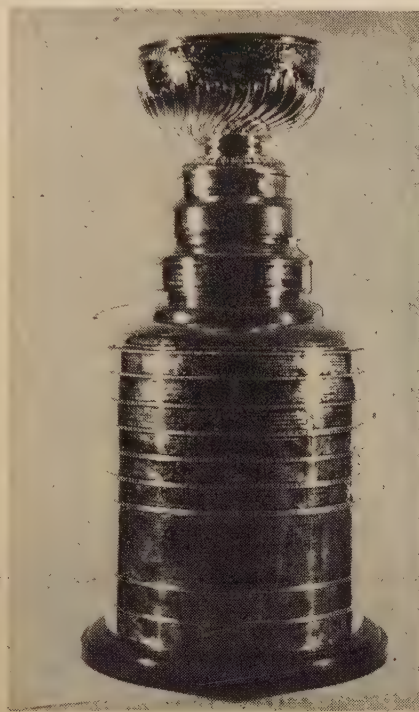
Behind the burning desire to win in the NHL is the Stanley Cup, most prized victory trophy in winter sports. There was a time when it was termed "the battered old mug," but not any longer, now that the trophy has been spruced up to a shiny newness.

The cup first was given in 1893 by a governor general of Canada, Lord Frederick Arthur Stanley of Preston. But the story started three years earlier when an Englishman, Lord Kilcoursie, visited Canada and saw a few hockey games. The sport appealed to Kilcoursie, who learned the game and soon became a member of the Rebels Hockey Club in Ottawa.

It didn't take the man from Britain long to discover that the players got nothing for their efforts but "honor and glory," not to mention less prized cracked skulls, broken teeth and other aches and pains. So Kilcoursie suggested a prize, and Lord Stanley, also an avid hockey fan, offered a silver cup that cost \$50.

At first, only amateur teams competed for the prize, but the steady rise of the professionals eventually swung the cup their way. In 1912, the Quebec Bulldogs trimmed the Pacific Coast champs, becoming the first pro team to take the cup.

Each year, the name of the winning team and players are inscribed on the Stanley Cup, which has been overhauled



HOCKEY'S HISTORIC MUG

and enlarged three times since 1893. The last time the cup was put in drydock was in 1943. By that time, the cup had been perched on a tall, narrow, unwieldy base and resembled the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Now the base has been completely rebuilt and carved with all the names that had graced the old one and the silverware emerged looking as shiny and bright as a new dime. The present broad base is about twice as wide as before, with ample room to record for posterity the names of future champions.

The cup had so precarious an early existence it's amazing to know how it is still around to be bestowed as hockey's top prize.

In 1905, the Ottawa Silver Seven team won the playoffs. A party to celebrate was held in an aging hotel and the binge

that followed left the athletes in shaky condition for the trip home. After the party, one of the team members decided to test his drop-kicking talents—he booted the cup right into the Rideau Canal.

The players forgot all about it until the next day, no one knowing where the cup was until someone brushed away the cobwebs and recalled events of the preceding night. The trophy was fished out of the canal and taken to the home of a man named Smith. There, again, it was forgotten for about a year, when the Montreal Wanderers won the title and asked for the prize. It was finally located in the same house and thereafter received kinder treatment until 1924.

**T**hat year returned the Montreal Canadians as champs. Came the victory dinner and the suggestion the cup be taken to the home of Leo Dandurand, Montreal sportsman. Players piled into cars with the cup and lots of champagne to sip from the great mug. Enroute, a tire blew out and the cup was placed on the sidewalk while repairs were made.

Team members leaped back into the car and drove off, leaving the cup on the sidewalk, not missing it until they reached Dandurand's home. Then came a frantic race back to the tire-fixing scene two miles away. Sighs of relief could be heard when the forgetful athletes found the trophy where they had left it.

Today, there is no disposition to take the cup so lightly. The trophy since 1924 has been closely guarded by each winning team and has suffered no further close calls.

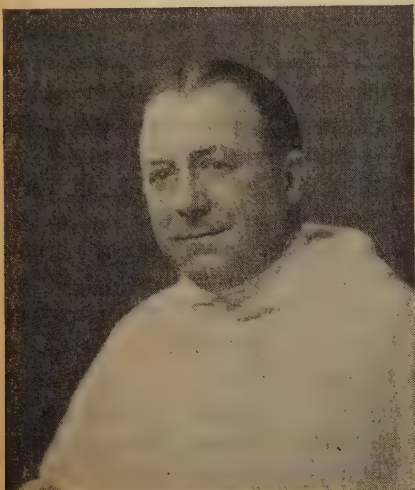
Stanley Cup winners are fond of quaffing champagne from the historic mug and victory parties are common—but not like the one held some years ago by the New York Rangers. Ranger officials arranged for a party in their hotel, figuring on about 35 guests. But they didn't count on the scores of visitors from a nearby saloon who got into the merrymaking.

The next day, the flabbergasted officials had to dig down to pay a \$3,700 champagne bill.



# NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. GRAHAM, O.P.

BLESSED JOHN OF VERCELLI,  
PRAY FOR US!

Never has this writer been more thrilled than when he heard nearly one thousand men repeat after him the prayer "Blessed John of Vercelli, founder of the Holy Name Society, pray for us. Help protect and preserve our Society." This happened on the occasion of the bestowal of the Vercelli Medal on Edwin Allen, of the Green Bay Diocesan Union. Before the Mayor of the city, a state senator and His Excellency the Bishop, the citation was read and the medal presented.

It has been noted that some Holy Name bulletins, both parish and diocesan, do not carry the John of Vercelli prayer. May we ask that in the future the editors of these papers incorporate that little prayer as a regular "campaign slogan" or standard fea-

ture? It might help in furthering the cause of canonization.

## Month of the Holy Name

On January 13, in the Cathedral at Milwaukee, it was my pleasure to witness some thirteen hundred men manifesting the same interest in the cause of Blessed John of Vercelli. While they did not publicly promise a daily prayer for this cause, it was evident that in their hearts they would promote in every way the canonization of Blessed John of Vercelli.

The Holy Hour in Milwaukee commemorated the patronal Feast Day of the Holy Name. Presided over by His Excellency Bishop Roman Atkielski, the Holy Name ceremonies were attended by 1,500 men of the Milwaukee Archdiocesan Holy Name Union. Father Michael Plale, Archdiocesan Spiritual Director, led the prayers and hymns.

Other sectional observances of the Holy Name feast day were held in Kenosha and Racine.

## Rochester Observance

A week earlier, on January 6, the Rochester Deanery of the Rochester Diocesan Holy Name Union held its ceremonies to mark the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. His Excellency James E. Kearney celebrated the Pontifical Mass, at which the Very Reverend James T. Connolly, C.S.S.R., preached.

The Rochester observance of the Feast Day has been an annual event since 1945.

## Steubenville Diocese

In the Diocese of Steubenville, Holy Name men of the Presentation Dean-

ery (Belmont County) assembled on January 27 for the annual banquet of the Society. His Excellency Bishop John King Mussio presided and heard His Excellency Thomas J. McDonnell, Coadjutor Bishop of Wheeling, deliver the principal address.

Very Reverend Monsignor Joseph P. Kiefer, editor of the *Steubenville Register*, was toastmaster, and John J. Carrigg, head of the history department at the College of Steubenville, was lay speaker.

## Membership Day

The annual Feast Day of the Holy Name was chosen as Membership Day, a special day for the enrollment of new Holy Name men, by the Brooklyn Diocesan Union. Right Reverend Monsignor Francis P. Connelly, Diocesan Director, sent letters to each parish, asking that "every man in every parish" become a member of the Holy Name Society.

Monsignor Connelly's letter also detailed a threefold intention for Holy Name Day: first, the preservation of Christian principles and ideals; secondly, that every man in every parish will become a Holy Name Society member; and finally, responsive to the appeal of our Holy Father, that a just and lasting peace may come to a troubled and afflicted world.

## Diocese of Springfield

Holy Name men in Greenfield, Massachusetts, had as their guest and speaker at their annual Communion Breakfast in the Weldon Hotel His Excellency Christopher J. Weldon, Bishop of Springfield. Bishop Weldon took as his topic "First Things First."



## Halifax Bulletin

The latest Holy Name bulletin to come to our attention is "Vol. 1, No. 1" of "Holy Name," from St. Lawrence's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia. An attractive, neatly printed little paper, "Holy Name" should prove a valuable instrument for the promotion of the Society.

The editor of the paper is J. Robert Donahoe, who announces that the Honorable A. H. McKinnon, Minister of Mines and Labour in the Provincial Government, was the Society's January speaker.

## Korean Holy Name

Pusan, Korea, now has a sturdy little Holy Name Society of more than fifty members, thanks to the efforts of Captain Richard Conway, of New York City, and Chaplain Martin Werner, of the Diocese of Great Falls, Montana. The officers elected (pictured, left to right, in cut) include Corporal Joseph Ruff, III, of Atlantic City, president; Corporal Charles Porter, of Saulte Ste. Marie, vice-president; Corporal John P. Trainor, of Ridgewood, New York, secretary; Corporal Peter Smith, of St. Louis, treasurer; and Marshall Matthews, of Granite, Maryland, marshal.

## Hawaiian Holy Name Convention

For their third annual meeting, over 200 delegates and alternates assembled

in Hilo, Hawaii, January 11-13, from various parts of the Territory and conducted a series of sessions which are expected to result in an active year for the Diocesan Union of Holy Name Societies in Hawaii. The three day convention concluded with a parade and Solemn Mass, heavy rains clearing for the outdoor demonstration.

About 800 Holy Name men participated in the demonstration of faith parade, led by a police contingent of Catholic officers of the Hawaii County department. The men marched from the convention hall to St. Joseph's Church, where His Excellency Bishop James J. Sweeney addressed them on the need for positive action in Catholic living.

Newly elected officers chosen at the convention are a trio of Kanai men who provided outstanding leadership the past year for the Kanai Council of Holy Name Societies, the "baby council" of the Diocesan Union. Francis F. M. Ching was chosen president; John M. Hamano, secretary; and Charles D. Todd, treasurer. The Diocesan officers will be supported by an executive board composed of chairmen representing committees on organization, information and education; public morals, truth and literature; Junior Holy Name; legislative affairs; and publicity and Catholic press.

## Columbus Rally

The Central Deanery Holy Name Rally, Diocese of Columbus, saw 1,500

men of the Society make a public profession of faith and loyalty. His Excellency Bishop Michael J. Ready urged his Holy Name men to inform themselves on Church doctrine and current issues in order to be "strong voices" professing the truth of Christ.

Father James V. Cleary, O.M.I., preached on the eternal law of God as the criterion of good and evil.

## Diamond Jubilee in Lowell

It's a Diamond Jubilee celebration, February 10, for over 500 Holy Name men of St. Patrick's Church in Lowell, Massachusetts. A banquet which will be attended by His Excellency Bishop Thomas F. Markam, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, Rev. Francis F. McElroy, Archdiocesan Director, Robert E. Mansmann, Archdiocesan President, Henry Deaudry, Mayor of Lowell, and other dignitaries is to mark the event.

One of the oldest Societies in the country, St. Patrick's functioned as a Holy Name Society prior to its chartered date of June, 1877, holding its meeting in the Church. Though records do not reveal the number of Holy Name men enrolled in those early days, oldsters say that the number was as great as the 500 membership of today.

## Success

Often one may wonder how this or that organization has prospered so well, or one may speculate and question why the same could not be accomplished in his own diocese or in his parish. The answer should be obvious. If there is a successful diocesan society or a parochial society, its success depends on the planned, purposeful activities of the spiritual director and the officers. They must work. The more I travel among the various diocesan and parochial units of the Society, the more I see that organization and promotion result chiefly from continuous, dedicated effort. There are hard working, self-sacrificing officers and men behind every "going" Holy Name Society. Such men, God bless them, are indispensable to the Confraternity of the Holy Name.

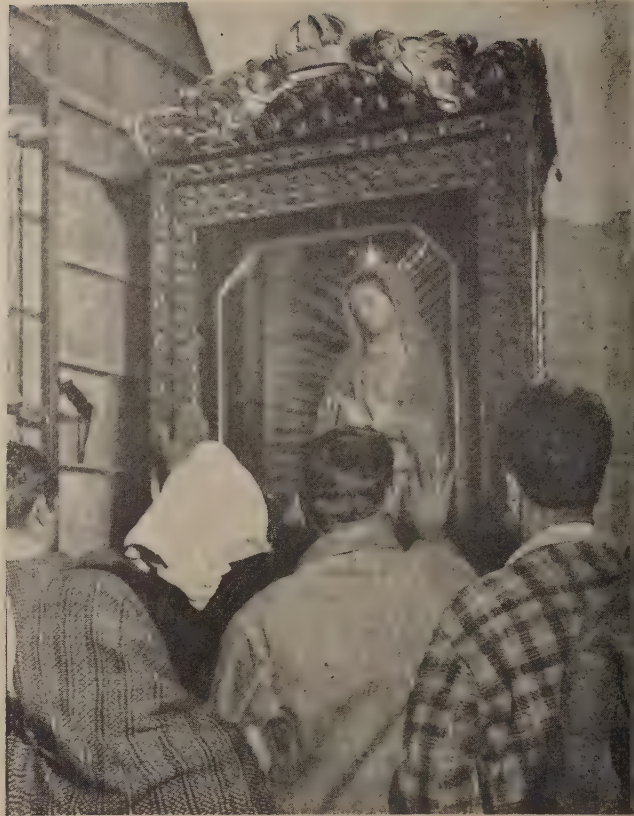


GI HOLY NAME MEN OF PUSAN, KOREA





View of roof of Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, famous Mexican shrine, indicates massiveness of church. Pilgrims desiring to show devotion (right) for Virgin touch glass of encased statue.



Pilgrims and sightseers, many of whom are Indians from different sections of Mexico, await patiently the start of the ceremonies at Shrine.

## Our Lady of

In December of 1531 the Blessed Virgin, "Our Lady of Guadalupe," appeared to a 55-year-old Indian convert, Juan Diego, instructing him to have the Bishop of the place erect for her a chapel on the hill where Juan saw her. It was about three miles northeast of Mexico City. To prove to the incredulous that she had appeared, she transformed Juan's coarse "tilma," or cloak, into a beautiful representation of herself. This cloth, enclosed in a frame of pure gold and set off by a solid silver railing, hangs above the main altar of the Shrine, where it is widely venerated to this day.

Painters and other authorities remain puzzled over the marvelous image laid on the ill-suited material of the poor tilma. They can only exclaim over the rare beauty of its blue-green, rose, and gold colors.

The chapel built on the site of the apparition has since become a world renowned Shrine and is the focal point for thousands of pilgrims who visit it each year. The Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe is celebrated on December 12. Pilgrims—as many as 100,000 have encamped in the vicinity at one time—begin to arrive during the week preceding the feast. Throughout all the year, as well, there is a constant stream of the devout who seek to do honor to and request favors of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Patroness of Mexico.





Vast throngs attempt to crowd into Basilica (left), which was erected on site where Blessed Virgin Mary appeared in 1531. Carnival atmosphere is evident as vendors do business in streets near the Basilica

## Guadalupe



East of Our Lady of Guadalupe attracts pilgrims dressed in the colorful traditional native costumes.



Many foreign visitors to Mary's Mexican shrine are astonished to see devout pilgrims dressed in the ancient ceremonial costumes of natives





FATHER PATRICK MARTIN

# The Junior Holy Name Society

February 6th, 1952.

Dear Gang:

This is the age of the loyalty pledge. It is something new. Years ago there was no such idea. Every one was presumed to be loyal. But now with the creeping paralysis of indifferentism men have changed, and not for the better. Our forefathers, may they rest in peace, would turn over in their graves if they could read the paper's headlines of today. Loyalty has become a lost art.

In the days of those same forefathers a Benedict Arnold stood out like a sore thumb. Disloyalty was a cancer that would eat away civil life. And like a cancer it must be removed. But today shirking of loyalties, or down-right disloyalty is taken as a matter of course. Every man has a right to his own opinion. Every man has a right to preach or teach whatever he likes. There are no standards of morality, of loyalty to persons, institutions, or ideals.

We, the Catholic Youth of our nation must be leaders in a return to those high standards of days gone by. Those ideals, standards, loyalties were of value then; they are of value now. Such things do not change with the passage of time. There is danger in our contact with others that we may imbibe some of their ideas, and lax ones at that. Loyalty is a grand thing. It must be restored to its place of honor or the world will cease to exist as a fit place in which to live.

We must have a triple loyalty. The first is our loyalty to God and the things of God. We must remember that the Ten Commandments given by God to Moses bind all without exception. No time or place or group of persons, once having learned of the Ten Commandments, is excused. Protestant, Catholic, Jew, all are bound by the Precepts given to Moses for us. Our loyalty to God, then,

cannot be ignored without a dreadful eternal price to be paid. Certain commandments may cramp our style, but they are there and must be obeyed. Certain commandments may demand a sacrifice, but denying their existence or ignoring them will not do away with them or their Author. Some day I shall have to answer to Him for my loyalty.

Our second loyalty is to our country and its citizens. Our material advantages come to us through our country, our neighbors, and our friends. To them we must be loyal and true. Even if only for the selfish motive of having others do the same for us, we should be loyal to those about us. The land that gave us birth or now gives us the means of continuing that life should have a very large place in our hearts. Out of gratitude and a sense of fair play we should do all in our power to keep her great and make her even greater. We should be loyal to the ideals expressed in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. We should know these documents and many others that express the ideas of the Founding Fathers. We should know them and defend them against all those who would in any way whittle them down or weaken their meaning. We are Catholics and Americans. Both these loyalties are joined in the same person without conflict, confusion, or interference.

Our third loyalty is to ourselves. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." It is not selfishness or self-centeredness that I am talking about. It is the realization of our own worth as we stand in the eyes of God. After all, He spilled the last drop of His Precious Blood for our salvation. If we were worth such a price, then we must realize the value that is ours. We must not sell ourselves cheaply. We must not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage as Esau did in the Old Testament.

Our loyalty pledge can very easily be made at the altar rail on the second Sunday of the month with the rest of the JUNIOR HOLY NAME SOCIETY. With that pledge we'll be good neighbors and good citizens of America and of the Kingdom of God.

Sincerely,

FATHER MARTIN



# On With the Dance

by Barry Ford

**In dancing, as in the other arts, the religious spirit has played its characteristic role.**

**D**ID YOU KNOW that according to the experts you are instinctively either a jigger or a shouter, depending on whether in your first reaction to joy you make a noise or dance a jig? Dancing, it seems, is as basic as a spoken expression in the natural reactions with which people let off steam.

Though nowadays dancing has no role among civilized people other than as entertainment either for the participants or the onlookers, in the beginning it was mankind's way of appealing to some unknown God for help with spiritual and physical needs.

Most of the rollicking folk dances of the world began with a religious significance. Our American specialty, the Square Dance, which scarcely showed itself outside husking bees until twenty years ago, is an exception. That got its start because the Pilgrim Fathers, who could find sin in most things, tabooed dancing and musical instruments. For the relaxation that even Puritans needed, the Colonists invented games livened up with a hop and skip, for action.

As no one room in their cottages was big enough to accommodate the crowds mustered to harvest crops or hew logs to build houses for the newcomers from the old country, groups playing these games in different rooms were kept at the same routine by some power-lunged pioneer who shouted out a song to which they kept time and clapped hands. That was the ori-

gin of "calling," which is the key piece of the square dance.

In the world's early history, dancing's part in community affairs was actually the tribal form of prayer which consisted of rhythmic gestures rather than words. If food was scarce and the hunters unlucky in bringing in birds or beasts to stock the tribal larders, the dance was a prayer in pantomime, in imitation of the action of the animal required as food-stuff. Flapping arms indicated the wings of birds, the slow raising of feet was in imitation of animals on the prowl. If no answer came to these mute appeals, the witch doctors argued that if the dances were badly performed, should the gods be blamed for not getting the point?

There was, however, still another purpose in the tribal dances. Just as today, group dancing has a recognized function for creating social consciousness and fostering teamwork and solidarity among groups, it united the primitive tribesmen and speeded up the hunting or fighting drive of the individual. Apropos of this social aspect, hard though it may be to believe, Dr. Charles Eliot, late president of Harvard often said, "If I were compelled to have one required subject in Harvard College, I would make it dancing if I could."

**I**T COMES as no surprise to learn that the Egyptians were the first to let dancing skip out of religious circles

into the arts. Greece put zest into the slow-motion performances of Cleopatra's people by inventing ballet dancing. Because the ancient Greeks recognized dancing's practical function of inducing coordination of mind and muscle, their armies did their boot training not on physical jerks, but in the Pyrrhic Dance.

To the characters who people the Old Testament, dancing was a part of the adoration of God. When Moses' caravan had passed through the divided waters of the Red Sea and arrived safe and dry on the further bank, Moses' sister Miriam initiated the women's thanksgiving for the miracle and "took a timbrel in her hands; and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances" (Exodus XV:20).

Though several instances in the Old Testament show that dancing was worship and praise to the ancient Hebrews, dancing places, seemingly, as now, were happy hunting grounds for matchmaking. When the men of Benjamin's tribe were searching vainly for wives, the village fathers advised, "Go and lie hid in the vineyard. And when you shall see the daughters of Shiloh come out, as the custom is, to dance, come ye on a sudden out of the vineyards and catch you every man his wife" (Judges XXI:21).

Since times and ceremonies changed slowly in the neighborhood in which Our Lord lived, there seems no doubt that ceremonial dancing had a place



in the Hebrew worship in which He participated with His Mother and St. Joseph. But He also understood dancing to be an expression of happiness because His parable of the Prodigal Son includes in the festivities with which the wanderer's return was celebrated.

Considering that from the time civilization began movement and rhythm were incorporated into religious ceremonies, it was only natural that the first Christians introduced simple dances into their services. Instinctively, we cling to and prefer familiar forms of worship.

But as dancing had already escaped from church walls before Christianity, it got off on the wrong foot with the early Church Fathers because it had kept step with the decaying Roman Empire. It had, in fact, declined into Bacchanalian spectacles performed by professional dancing girls. Excepting as onlookers, men had no part in the dances of those times and not even the most effete Roman gentlemen would be caught in a caper unless "demented or drunk."

To the early Christian Fathers, dancing was something of a headache. At one stage of the Church's history, professional dancers might as well have been lepers as far as looking for a welcome at the church door goes. Excommunication was considered none too good for them. Although the Catholic principle that all God's gifts are good and given us to be enjoyed in proper perspective does not exclude dancing, the Church always has and always will preach against dancing that kicks over the traces of good taste.

**B**UT FOR ALL THAT, many of our saints who came along later, not only advised a dance now and then, but were not above a cavourt themselves just for the joy of the jig.

Ignatius of Loyola scarcely seems the type, but nevertheless the Jesuits point with pride to their founding father's humility in making himself ridiculous (because of a lame leg)

when he danced a fandango to cheer his friend Ortiz on one of his Blue Mondays. No creature, seemingly, was closer to God than Theresa of Avila, but she strummed the guitar for her nuns to dance, and sometimes joined in herself. St. Stanislaus Kostka learned the polka less for the fun of it than in the hope of influencing a frivolous brother who asked Stanislaus to take dancing lessons with him.

St. Basil and his friend Gregory of Nazianzen both have words of approval for dancing. Basil's idea seems to be



## Prayer for the Missions

Lord, make me an apostle of Thy Faith.

Where there is the darkness of pagans, let me spread Light;

Where there is the hate of Communists, Love;

Where there is the error of heretics, Truth;

Where there is the frustration of sinners, Forgiveness;

Where there are Moslems, Mary.

Grant that by my prayers and aims I may give to each continent that it requires:

To Africa, a native clergy of black hands lifting white hosts;

To Asia, a rich harvest from the red blood seed of her martyrs;

To Europe, already so tired, a renewal of youth at the altar of God;

To America, an exchange of material riches for the pearl of great price.

Let me send my offerings where I cannot go; My pains to comfort sufferers whom I will never see;

And my sacrifices to help plant the Cross in lands that know not yet the Crucified; Through Christ Our Lord, Amen.

—Catholic Transcript



that as the angels in heaven are in constant movement of adoration, what's more natural then that our "division" of the Mystical Body of Christ should be practicing for our eternal dance? Gregory advised the Emperor Julian to "do the dance of King David before the Ark" because David's dance

sprang from a radiant love of God.

To Francis de Sales dances were "like mushrooms—the best of them are good for nothing." But in a milder mood he said, "balls, feasts, dress, theatres, are not evil things in their nature, but indifferent, and may be used both well and ill." Balanced against the Cure d'Ars twenty-five year crusade against dancing, Thomas Aquinas insists that as an innocent diversion, it is necessary for the well being of human society and therefore not unlawful.

Especially in the remoter parts of Europe, traditional dancing still keeps many religious ceremonies on their toes. On the Tuesday after Pentecost, the town of Echternach in Germany has an annual dancing procession to the shrine of St. Willibrod. The ceremony reverts to an epidemic that was killing off the cattle in the year 1345. The fatal disease caused the animals to shake violently, in a kind of dance.

In desperation, the frantic townspeople decided that St. Willibrod, whose body is enshrined in the Benedictine Abbey, might be moved to sympathy if, in going to his tomb, they imitated the gyrating of their dying cows.

The modern Echternach pilgrims' dance consists of two steps forward and one in reverse, waving handkerchiefs to keep in step and in time. From the center of the town, this two-stepping procession travels up the hill to the Abbey and around Willibrod's tomb. Special prayers and benediction conclude the devotion. Nowadays it is usually a devotion of intercession for sufferers from nervous diseases. The Basque country, on both Spanish and French sides of the border, also has many local dancing ceremonies with a religious angle.

**B**EST KNOWN of the fancy steps with a pious look is the Dance of the Seises, at Seville, which brings visitors from all over the world to the Cathedral. It dates from the Moorish invasion of Spain, when the priests were working against time to protect the Blessed



Sacrament from sacrilegious treatment at the hands of the oncoming Saracens. Also, they were endeavoring to remove the altar vessels and the treasures with which churches of that age were immensely wealthy.

Some children were dancing in the Square outside the Cathedral when the raiding Moors arrived. Though they were probably scared stiff, knowing the need to detain the Moors as long as possible, to give the priests more time, the children kept on dancing. Their heroism was commemorated by incorporating the dance into a religious rite of thanksgiving.

About three hundred years ago a Bishop of Seville decided that even a pious dance has no place in Church. His order that it was to be discontinued so outraged the Cathedral Chapter that over his head they appealed to the Pope to save their pet ceremony. For seventeen years the question of whether the Dance of the Seises was to be or not to be teetered on the horns of a papal dilemma. Finally His Holiness decided the dance could continue until the boys' dancing costumes were worn out. As skillful patchwork has kept these same garments useable ever since, there is no reason to assume they will ever show signs of fraying.

On the less merry side of dancing history, the Chain Dance was brought to Paris during the French Revolution by mobs from the south. Long lines of the frenzied rabble joined hands and terrorized the street, pursuing clerics, aristocrats, and government officials. The victim, caught in a ring of the grim caperers, was thrown down and stamped to death by the dancing feet.

**A**S NATIONAL dances evolve out of traditions, temperaments, habits, and climate in the country of their origin, they have particular qualities identified with the spirit of their homelands.

The writhing of oriental dances, in which the performer remains more or less stationary and depends on arms and hands for effect, would look silly

on an Irishman whose feet itch to jig. A Polish mazurka would get no encore in a Spanish ballroom. In the dances of Africa and Egypt and the Near East, the muscles of the body have the chief role. In the days before Turkey became westernized, when a Turk's idea of fun was to do nothing more vigorous than squat on a cushion and smoke a hookah, a Turkish visitor to this country was taken to a night club for the first time. Bewilderedly, he looked at the crowd of dancers. "In my country," he explained, "we have slaves to do this for us."

Our American square dances, which are spreading over the country by leaps and bounds, have democracy as their hallmark. They also have a flavor of many parts of the world, from the immigrants who added to the Pilgrim's simple games a step or a gesture from their own national dances. Experts say the cowboy dances are the truest interpretation of the American temperament. Though some tenderfoot influences show in the range dancing, the cowboys generally make short work of superfluous trimmings and the ranch dances remain the least complicated of all the square dances.

So far directors of recreation centers have found no better vehicle for creating friendliness, cooperation and unity among groups than the square dance. Everybody dances with everybody else. Time, place and people are practically unimportant. No special equipment of facilities are needed. A pair of hands and a voice do as well as an orchestra for the background music.

The current enthusiasm for square dances began to extend beyond the rural areas about 1930, when some city slickers in the country discovered that square dancing is by no means a hick way of spending an evening. Instead, fascinated by the simplicity of performance and the good fellowship generated, they decided the cheery spirit of the square dance was too good to be left in the country. Enthusiasts formed groups in the cities. Henry Ford helped promote the new fad

with an endowment and by making his collection of Americana available for the traditional music. Recreation centers for service men during World War II found that though efforts at ordinary social dancing only bored the boys, square dancing was vigorous enough to escape the scornful attitude that it might be all right for women to dance together, but for men—huh!

Seemingly, the only ones who try square dancing and find it wanting are the owners and staffs of ballroom dancing schools. No one needs lessons to learn the Post-hole Digger Roll or Duck For The Oyster, Dig For The Clams.

**I**N THE ETERNAL puzzle of God's way of doing things, the Blessed Jacapone da Todi authored the sombre "Stabat Mater" because of a dance. He and his wife, wealthy and gay socialites, liked the larkier things of life until, at a dance, she was killed when the floor collapsed. Jacapone then discovered for the first time that she wore a penitential hair shirt. Overwhelmed by the knowledge of the austerity hidden beneath her blithe joyousness, and trying to imitate her spirit, he sold all he had for the poor. For ten years, while he pursued a programme of self debasement, "being a fool for the love of God," he plumbed the depths of his own heart and soul to leave us the great hymn of Lent.

The story of the Jongleur of Notre Dame has a place in dancing history for many reasons. The professional Jongleur, who became a monk, danced in secret for the Blessed Mother because that was the thing that he did best, and nothing but the best was good enough for her. From the legend, we know that the Blessed Mother is not one to frown on dancing that springs from a pure and happy heart and a gay spirit. Otherwise, would she have visited the Jongleur when the dance ended, to fan him and relieve his exhaustion? And would she have come to him again, when he died and bring cohorts of angels with her, to lead his soul to heaven?



# LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

*"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"*

—POPE PIUS XI

by **Charles B. Quirk, O.P.**

**P**ERHAPS the best news on the current labor-management front is the widely publicized decision of the steel union to follow the recommendations of its officers that no strike be called while the Wage Stabilization Board investigates its wage claims. For many weeks, preceding the January convention of the Steelworkers, tension mounted as the ominous threat to the nation's vital production schedules assumed the proportions of the country's major industrial relations problem. It took a direct appeal from President Truman to prevent a work stoppage that could have had a devastating effect on the entire Defense Program.

While the nation can now breathe a sigh of temporary relief and, in general, applaud the wisdom of Mr. Philip Murray's directive to his unionists, the whole controversy between the United Steelworkers—C.I.O. and the steel industry merely suspends certain basic issues in American industrial relations that clamor for equitable solution. The urgency of forestalling a production paralysis, the claims and counter claims of the disputants and the dimensions of the demands made by the steelworkers have understandably bulked large in the headlines. All this, however, has tended to obscure underlying factors whose long range significance are far more important than the immediate problems to which they contribute.

Complicating the effort at solving any and all contemporary industrial disputes is the peculiarly difficult position of the labor leaders who formulate and negotiate their union's demands. On the other side of every modern collective bargaining situation management representatives are almost invariably committed to a business philosophy that

must inevitably operate against the consuming public. The present crisis in steel provides an excellent example of the effect of both these forces acting in unconscious collusion against the public.

## The Labor Leader's Dilemma

Back in 1886 when the modern U. S. labor movement was born with the formation of the American Federation of Labor, Sam Gompers, the first A.F. of L. president, formulated a collective bargaining policy which American labor has consistently adhered to through the ensuing decades. Completely rejecting the Socialistic objectives of European labor unions, Gompers placed the A.F. of L. squarely in the ranks of capitalistic enterprise by making the profit motive equally as paramount with American unionism as it has ever been with American management. While Gompers and his successors, both in the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., labored for legislative reform of the American enterprise system, this social consciousness always gave way to the more pressing consideration of obtaining immediate economic gains for the rank-and-file-membership. Technically this procedure is known as "business-unionism" and can be broadly defined as that policy which concerns itself with here-and-now wage, hour, and working condition demands of labor rather than the long range effort to achieve universal social justice.

Almost necessarily the acceptance of "business-unionism" as the proper collective bargaining mentality has produced a breed of labor leaders whose continuance in office depends upon their consistent success in returning from the bargaining negotiations with higher wage rates, shorter working hours and better working conditions for their con-

stituents. During the earlier decades of this century the nation's workers had no other alternative than to oppose the arbitrariness of management with hard-headed bargaining underwritten by the force of its increasing numbers. In a very real sense it can be maintained that only the tough, unemotional, high-handed labor dictator could protect the hard-earned gains of American labor. He knew the language of force and he alone could command the reluctant respect of his managerial counterpart.

It would be unrealistic to assume that all this has changed in the last decade. But this much is certain. The experience of World War II, the postwar adjustments and the present long range defense effort makes it imperative for both labor leadership and management to accept the fact that their collective bargaining decisions can no longer be considered solely the concern of the respective firm or industry which they immediately affect.

Very simply, modern labor leadership, literally tossed on the horns of a dilemma, must have the courage to place the larger interests of the public above those of their union. Conscious always that their jobs depend upon producing immediate gains for those who elect them, they have often ignored economic facts to "bring back the bacon." To ask now that they risk their political futures by refusing to press for labor demands which are clearly opposed to the common good is asking for a heroic effort. But a refusal to take the high road of patriotic duty will most certainly involve the nation in a succession of economic crises which even the United States cannot survive.

We believe that Mr. Murray has displayed real courage in the face of rank-



and-file pressures. Steelworkers are entitled to substantial wage increases—but not necessarily in the form proposed by the union. And, certainly, not through ultimate resort to a strike. There still remain large areas of the steel dispute susceptible to wise concessions on the part of Mr. Murray and his union. Common sense, but above all, an instinct for the common good, demand that these concessions be made.

### On The Other Hand

As in all disputes there is another side to the picture in the current steel controversy. Briefly, it is reducible to this. Steel management is contending that the wage demands of the unions cannot be met without a paralleling hike in the price of steel. An eleven page "Statement of Fact," issued by the United States Steel Corporation, computes the cost of meeting Mr. Murray's ultimatum at \$700 million dollars. Spelling this cost out, U. S. Steel calculates that an increase of 15 cents per hour in the basic wage rate plus resulting expanded social security, pensions, and vacation benefits would actually cost the corporation \$350 million additional each year and that shortly the effect of this increase would result in an equal rise in the prices it must pay to others for the purchase of their goods and services.

Implicit in the contention that wage increases to steel workers will indirectly increase the prices of goods and services purchased by U. S. Steel is this assumption. When a modern American firm or industry sells a product that is widely used the effect of increasing its cost will bring pressures from workers in other concerns for wage hikes and this in turn will push up prices generally. The final effect of this spiraling wage-price movement will be to increase greatly both direct and indirect labor costs of the firm initially granting a wage raise to its personnel.

This is a familiar argument to labor economists and was to be expected in the defense of the steel industry's refusal to grant its workers' current 22-item proposal. (Among the union's 22 demands are straight time hourly pay

increases averaging 18½ cents per hour, a guaranteed annual wage, liberalized vacations, union shop, eight paid vacations, and premium pay for Saturday and Sunday work.) Granting the validity of its first premise, its logic is unanswerable. Because steel, in some form or another, enters the production of seventy-five per cent of the goods that go to make up the American standard of living, an increase in its price would inevitably tend to raise prices of practically all these items. This situation, in turn, would obviously induce labor leaders in other industries to demand wage raises for their unions—whose members find the cost-of-living rising—and the general price level would advance all along the line. Thus, in substance, does American management react to union demands for wage increases. However, there is one major flaw in this line of reasoning. It is this. Prices need not necessarily rise with each increase in wages. If, then, prices were held in line while equitable wage hikes were given, the chain reaction of wage-price spiraling would be eliminated or at least greatly retarded.

### The Fact of The Matter

Without resorting to confusing technicalities and lengthy statistics, this fact about the steel industry can be demonstrated. The steel industry in the United States, operating currently above capacity, is capable of increasing wages substantially without passing on this added cost in the form of higher prices for steel. Certainly, since 1940 and under the stimuli of both World War II and the postwar boom, technological improvements have been introduced to the production of steel that have tremendously increased the rate of efficiency in the industry. The exact percentage of that increase, of course, is practically impossible to determine. But it may rightly be assumed that it would measure out somewhere close to 20 to 25 per cent. This means, very simply, that the unit cost of producing steel—the traditional standard of measurement for calculating the cost of steel production—must be less than it was five years

ago. Of course, the steel industry, expanding its capacity, has added considerable fixed cost to its over-all cost structure. But favorable tax relief in writing off this new debt has greatly reduced its multi-million dollar obligations to creditors. Furthermore, the high dividend payments of U. S. Steel, alone, indicate quite clearly that the profit margins of that corporation have been substantial.

Limitations of space make it quite impossible to prove throughout what may seem to be unsupported statements of fact. In citing what we consider an underlying management mentality militating currently against peaceful collective bargaining and in employing the steel industry as a case in point, our purpose is solely to focus attention on an underlying factor that seriously effects the economic stability of the United States. Together with the too frequent shortsightedness of many American labor leaders the insistence of large segments of American management upon the inevitable necessity of price hikes to offset wage increases is not only bad economics, it is also potentially the greatest single threat to our defense effort.

Because of the pressing needs of the economy it is probable that the final decision of the Wage Stabilization Board, acting on the recommendations of a fact-finding commission appointed by the President, will find a middle of the road solution for the current steel controversy. Concessions will be made to the "business-unionism" of the United Steelworkers-C.I.O. and to the wage-price philosophy of steel management. Perhaps, this is the only alternative the nation has to a crippling strike. But sooner or later labor must bring statesmanship rather than expediency to U. S. bargaining situations and it must be matched, on management's side of the table, with a general willingness to absorb reasonable wage increases with its profits rather than to automatically pass these raises on to the general public in the form of higher profits. Social justice demands all of this and good economics makes it imperative.



# The World's Most Important Crops

by F. C. Louis

Like water and sunlight, rice and cotton seem to be used everywhere.

**O**F ALL the blessings which God has endowed our United States, His bounty is probably best seen in two of our more important American crops, cotton and rice. We are pretty well aware of our golden harvests of grain, our oil resources, our deep deposits of coal and the like, but consider the national riches we have in cotton and rice.

"If cotton were suddenly stripped from our possession," said the Quartermaster General of the United States Army in the Second World War, "not a single one of our fighting men could continue in action."

An exaggeration? Not at all. The average male civilian uses 20 pounds of cotton a year in this country. Put that same man in uniform, and he uses 200 pounds a year. Multiply those figures by a 3-million-man Army, and you begin to see why the Government asked for production of 16 million bales in the 1951 season. Each bale weights 500 pounds, and this total would be the largest production on record.

Cotton is almost a miracle in military production. Yes, uniforms are cotton. We use light cottons in the warm weather; layers of cotton and wool in the cold. Canteen covers, rifle slings, gas mask holders, helmet liners, tents, shelters for guns and equipment, airplane parts, sleeping bags, life rafts, mosquito netting, water bags, self-sealing gas tanks, electrical insulation—all these come, in whole or in part, from cotton or cotton seed. The Quartermaster General meant what he said about the dependence of the Army on cotton.

And that isn't just an American opinion. The chief supply officer of the German Army expressed the opinion that his soldiers could have taken Stalingrad

if they had been able to get cotton and use the American cotton-and-wool-layer principle for keeping warm.

The United States is the largest producer of cotton, which is the greatest of all U.S. agricultural industries. For years now, we've been consuming 10 million bales a year for domestic use. It takes a work force of 12 million people to produce this staggering total. From Virginia on the East to California on the West Coast, 18 states are cotton-producing.

**I**N SPITE of the use of wool and the development of nylon and other fabrics, cotton continues to be the most widely used fabric for American citizens. It accounts for three-fourths of apparel fibre usage and for nearly three-fifths of total

fibre consumption. You must not think of cotton as merely a white fibre good for making pillow cases and summer suits. The National Cotton Council reveals that with each 500-pound bale of cotton fibre there is produced 900 pounds of cottonseed, yielding in turn 140 pounds of vegetable oil for food, 400 pounds of meal for livestock, 240 pounds of hulls for livestock roughage and chemical usage, and 81 pounds of linters for smokeless powder and plastics. Linters, the short fuzz adhering to cotton seed after fibres have been removed by the gin, are used for most ammunition. Linters are also used for synthetic yarns, plastics, coating for raincoats, photographic film, cockpit enclosures and non-breakable glass.

Over 30 percent of our domestic con-



THRESHING AND BAGGING RICE IN TEXAS



sumption goes into industry. Cement, chemicals, fertilizers, feeds, minerals and salt are all packed in cotton bags. Cotton conveyor belts literally make mass production possible.

No country in the world comes near our production of this staple commodity. Russia produces only one-sixth of what we do; Egypt, ten per cent (although Egypt's long-staple cotton is necessary for certain specialized uses) and China, about one-fourth of our production. No country in the world comes near our production or consumption of this vital staple. Cotton is one of the factors in our high standard of living.

**W**HAT COTTON means to our standard of living, rice means to almost half the world's people. The rice story fits in well and closely with what we've said about the importance of cotton. We throw it away at weddings, but rice is a valuable substance to millions and millions of people. Its supply has been called a matter of life and death to hundreds of millions in the Orient, where 95% of the world's rice is eaten.

China is today the chief source of rice. Last year, China produced more than two billion bushels and it wasn't enough. She had to import some. India produced 11½ billion bushels, but was also short. Many of the troubles in the East are due to the struggle for the "rice-bowl" areas which would give those nations enough to eat.

Rice is an old crop in the Orient. Our custom of throwing rice at weddings originated with the Indians and Chinese, to whom rice was a sign of fertility. In 1694, fairly late in history, rice came to the United States. Historians say that a vessel was blown off its course and put into Charleston for repairs. The captain gave a few rice seeds to a young planter, and the resulting crop was almost enough to feed the whole colony.

South Carolina, the first State to grow rice, now ranks fifth behind Louisiana, Texas, California and Arkansas. Only eight States produce rice, which grows as an annual grass from two to six feet high. It can be grown on coastal plains,

## MARY AND THE POOR SOULS

The efficacy of the Rosary as an aid to the souls in purgatory may be gauged by the fact that it is the favorite prayer of Mary, the Mediatrix of all Graces. As an almost irresistible recourse to her, the worth of this devotion has been proved time and again amongst the living. But there is still another sphere where the Rosary is nonetheless as effective, and this is the sphere of the souls in purgatory. For Mary, the Queen of the Church Triumphant, has been appointed by Christ as the dispensatrix of His merits, which she applies not only on the Church Militant but also on the Church Suffering. Added to her many titles showing her dominion over the living is one depicting her dominion over the dead. This she made known in that revelation which should be a source of assurance and comfort to all the faithful, when she declared to St. Bridget: "I am the Mother of all the souls in purgatory. . . ."

It is therefore Mary's ardent desire that we pray the Rosary often for her suffering children. She is anxious to help them and grant them the release and the Beatific Vision they long to enjoy. If the poor souls are worthy of the benefit, Mary can deliver them from their torments, for her power extends to the depths of purgatory. But she exercises this power with individual souls in such a manner that Divine Justice is fully satisfied, and the mercy of her Son celebrates a glorious triumph. She holds, as it were, the key to the Divine Treasury and finds infinite pleasure in applying it to the relief of her children detained in the dark prison of purgatory. If we wish, therefore, to be of real assistance to the poor souls, we must often recommend them to the Blessed Virgin Mary. And there is no better way of doing this than through her Rosary.

—*Santa Rosario*

tidal deltas and river basins in tropical, semi-tropical and temperate regions.

In the Orient, young seeds are transferred to a field called a "paddy," which is then kept submerged in a few inches of water. Here in the United States, we have speeded things up. Machinery is used in every step of the cultivation, and airplanes are sometimes used for seeding. In the last 20 years, our annual production has leaped from 44 million bushels to 90 million bushels—which proves what a popular food it has become even here.

Just as with cotton sideproducts, there is more to rice than rice pudding. The discarded bran is used for feeding livestock. The husks are used for fuel and packing. The straw is used for feed, for bedding down livestock, for thatching cottages, and for making mats, hats, brooms and paper. The kernels which are broken are used for making laundry starch and rice flour—the latter winding up in face powder.

And Japanese beer—"sake"—comes from rice! Like the pork packers who use all of the pig except the whistle, cotton and rice growers don't miss much.

**F**OR NEARLY 5,000 years, the world has been cooking rice in the same way. The cooking was a long process, involving washing, rinsing, cooking, draining and steaming. But in 1941 the cousin of the King of Afghanistan, Attaullah K. Ozai Durrani, came up with a new idea—pre-cooked rice. He spent 18 years in experimentation, and then succeeded in selling the idea to General Foods, who now distribute Minute Rice. It takes more than a minute, but compared with the old method, this new way of serving rice is a marvel. About all you have to do is empty the package into water, boil, then set aside for a few minutes.

The advertising enthusiasts of General Foods speculate that some day Americans will eat more rice than Orientals. That isn't likely to be a dream come true, but rice will probably always remain one of the world's staple foods.

Cotton for clothing and shelter; rice for food—the world couldn't exist without them!



# the current scene

frank j. ford

## Report From England

Mrs. L. Meile of Oak Park, Illinois, is in receipt of a letter from her daughter, who has been in England for the past half year. The daughter, whose husband is stationed there with the American forces, finds things vastly different from the sugar-coated dispatches which reach the American public through foreign correspondents for U.S. dailies. "I had as my house guest this week-end a girl from Manchester," she recounts, "and I have learned first hand what the British think of the American people—a realization which convinces me that we are, without question, the most soft-headed oafs in creation. The blunt truth is that the English do not appreciate anything we do for them.

"They laugh at the United States and the people in it. Their papers over here are *really* interesting. According to them, it is they who are *doing all the fighting*. Also, we have so much of England's exports that is the reason for their shortages, and the United States is ruining their cotton export trade because of our nylon products.

"But the thing that makes me hopping mad all over is their attitude on cadging loans from the United States. . . . It's not so much that they feel they have a claim on every dollar in the U.S. treasury but that they utterly loathe us for giving them billions on any other terms other than as an outright gift. (They saved us from the Kaiser, Hitler, Stalin, etc., etc., on to infinite boredom—that's their story, and no evidence to the contrary can change it.)

"But," concedes the disillusioned young woman, "there's one thing I'll give the English credit for, and that's loyalty to their king. And I don't blame them for that: he hasn't sold them out and never will, like some of our own past and present patriots."

## How Times Have Changed!

"Ever since World War I the American people have been ruled by propaganda," observes Chester I. Brimhall of Wedron, Illinois. "In World War I we learned two new words—propaganda and barrage. We were bombarded by a barrage of propaganda written by English and American propagandists that drove the American people into a frenzy of rage and hatred and made possible the entry of America into a European war.

"But as soon as the war ended the machine was reversed and we were ordered to love the Germans and to help rebuild their country, which we did and paved the way for Hitler. At first, Hitler was a wonderful fellow. Hadn't he driven out the Communists we hated? But when he started to attack his neighbors and threatened England the machine was reversed again and hate was turned on.

"Hitler was defeated and the German power broken and the machine was reversed again and now we are told to love the Germans again, notwithstanding the fact that they had murdered millions of Jews and persecuted the rest. We don't even scold them for it.

"And when Hitler attacked the Russians, they (the Russians) immediately became our friends and comrades. We hadn't liked them at all because they were Commies, but everything was cozy now and the love propaganda was turned on full blast. Then after Hitler was defeated and Russia grabbed the lion's share of the spoils of war, the record was reversed once more and now we are supposed to hate and fear Russia.

"And the Chinese—how we loved those genial Orientals! They were our trusted buddies in our war with Japan, and how we hated the sons of Nippon for their atrocities. Then the Communists (with an indirect assist from us,

and a very direct one from Russia) took over China, and suddenly those affable pals became monsters in human form. And so, we have completed the circle. The Japanese and us are just like this. But the propaganda machine is still running. We are supposed to hate about half the people in the world and to clasp to our bosom those that our government approves of. *When will the American people begin to think for themselves?*"

## Red-Tinged Reviewers

Raymond Moley delivers a heated blast at the book "critics" on several New York papers, as well as those grinding out reviews for such magazines as the *Nation*, *New Republic*, and *Saturday Review of Literature*. "The charge that a large proportion of the book reviewing in New York is burdened with left-wing bias finds its most convincing proof in what reviewers have written over the last five or six years about American policy, especially in Asia. But the leftist trend in book reviewing in these publications has extended far beyond books on China. It has been quite generally notable in reviews of books on current and economic subjects. I am a fairly consistent reader of these literary reviews, and I feel certain that this is so.

"The lesson to be learned is that there is no reason in the world to look to New York for guidance concerning books on political and economic subjects. The failure of these New York publications to be fair and competent in book reviewing is a challenge to and an opportunity for the press of the nation generally. This country is too big to have its tastes affected by the radical influences that are so powerful in the pseudo-intellectual circles of the metropolis."

It seems to us that being "in the vanguard" is an occupational hazard for the



book review people. But how tragic so many of them turned down the red trail!

### He's Got A Little List

While everybody else is coming out with a list of the 10 Bests of the past year, columnist Sydney Harris breaks forth with a list of 10 Worst, quite a few of which will win enthusiastic endorsement from a mute and mutilated public. His compilation is prompted, Harris wryly confesses, for no better reason than to "counteract a vapid and meaningless trend:"

1. *Worst Fiasco of the Year*: The preposterous minuet known as "peace talks" in Korea.

2. *Worst Scandal of the Year*: The Hardingesque capers of the third-rate men selected for important government jobs by the second-rate men selected for even more important jobs by Harry Truman.

6. *Worst Commentator of the Year*: Again, Walter Winchell, whose brassy self-assurance and megalomaniacal tendency to confuse himself with God conspire to make him one of the most repulsive journalistic personalities of our time.

7. *Worst News Story of the Year*: The inexcusable amount of space lavished on the moronic going-on of Franchot Tone and a dizzy blonde whose name escapes me.

9. *Worst Menace of the Year*: The television blight on the American cultural scene.

10. *Worst Joke of the Year*: Inflated control.

### Americans Should Kick!

The next time you begin to feel sorry for yourself because you can't have a custom-built Cadillac, TV with a 32-inch screen, 47 suits of clothes, and three 12-course meals every day, just stop and consider the average French household which even lacks what most Americans regard as essentials:

Only 20 per cent have bathrooms, 5 per cent have washing machines, 7 per cent have refrigerators, 14 per cent have vacuum cleaners and 16 per cent have

telephones. The number of radio sets per thousand inhabitants is 184, compared to 540 in the United States, and an estimated 63 per cent of all French households lack running water. The average Frenchman gets 2,700 calories of food a day, compared to 3,080 in austere Great Britain; 3,160 in Sweden; and 2,450 in poverty-ridden Italy.

The average French citizen drinks 91 quarts of milk a year compared to 155 in Great Britain and 238 in Switzerland. Against this the average Frenchman inhales 120 quarts of wine a year and has the best prepared food in the world—if he could only get enough of it.

### Proud Record

At the Catholic Information Center in Boston, more than 80 per cent of the 421 converts received last year were in their mid-20's. The average age of all converts was 30, according to Father John F. Carvlin, C.S.P. Of all the 421 instructed and received at the Boston Center, 208 were men and 213 women. Included were 76 clerical workers, 74 housewives, 33 service men, 33 collegians, ten engineers, five teachers, three doctors, four actresses, 22 nurses, and four newspapermen. According to Father Carvlin, "the groundless fears that keep many oldsters from investigating the claims of the Church do not impede intrepid youth in their search for conviction. They have had enough of 'self-expression' and the 'new freedom.' They are seeking a religious program that promises security. While planning to make a living, they wish also to make a life—under the direction of the zesty, hopeful, demanding Church of Christ. The astounding vigor and dynamic vitality of the Catholic Church fascinate and magnetize young Americans."

### Now He Knows

Recently, one Harry A. Harris wrote into one of Chicago's largest dailies, protesting vigorously against the number of Irish in political office, and in state and city jobs. "Hardly a police or fire department in the country but is composed of 90 per cent Irish," he complained, "and I don't get it. Do you

have to be a mick to carry a stick?"

Immediately, Mr. Harris was snowed under by an avalanche of replies, a heavy percentage of them from citizens who claimed no Celtic strain. One such, Stanley Orlikowski, pointed out to Mr. Harris that he'd "rather have one big, flatfooted Irish cop patrolling the beat around my house than three of any other nationality. You can be sure he won't dive for cover when the fighting starts. And, as for politics, if an Irishman can talk down a half a dozen opponents to win an election, why shouldn't he get the job? After all, a guy can't win an election with his own vote, and nobody else is *forced* to vote for him. And think what a horrible bore a political campaign would be without a mick or two to get things stirred up. *That* I don't want to live to see."

Another, Franz Schmitt, after emphasizing the obvious by declaring he was not a Hibernian, pointed out to Harris, "The Irish have sharp intellects, pride, happy dispositions, and a deep desire to serve others, with a sincere liking for people, which naturally makes them gravitate to public service such as policemen, firemen, streetcar motormen, governors and mayors. And, who knows!" wound up Franz in sort of an aside—"Who knows but some day they may break the monopoly of the Scotch, English and Dutch on the presidency!"

Still another, Edmond H. Nagle, noted, "When a minority group by free choice of the population succeeds in such large measure in political life, as have many of Irish birth and extraction, why should Harris or anyone else ask, 'What goes?' It very likely could be because they, as individuals, are probably more civic-minded than many others and more greatly appreciate the rights and privileges afforded those who are fortunate to have been born here or chosen our wonderful country as their adopted home. Their ancestors having suffered much want, deprivation, discrimination and intolerance, the Irish being possessed of a larger measure of intelligence, may be better able to recognize the advantages of citizenship in a free land."



# THE SYMBOL OF HOPE

by Joseph Lydon

The red cross worn by St. Camillus and his soldiers  
of mercy still means comfort for the afflicted.

**T**HE INSIGNIA of the Red Cross on the uniform of a nurse, on the wings of an airplane in the sky, or on a flag flying above a Red Cross station is a symbol of hope to mankind. A great world-wide organization has grown up around this symbol and has taken its name from it. The Red Cross is an organization that takes seriously the maxim "In time of peace prepare for war." In times of peace the Red Cross amasses a great store of sick room supplies, of bandages, of drugs and of human blood, not only for use on the battlefield but in the case of local or national emergency as well.

Most people believe that the Red Cross was born out of the misery of war. That is true of the organization bearing the name, but not of the symbol itself. The official flag of the Red Cross was designed at a conference in Geneva which opened on October 26, 1863, and was attended by delegates from nearly all European nations.

In designing the flag to be used as the official banner of the organization of mercy, the delegates honored the founder by choosing the Swiss flag, with variations. Instead of having a white cross on a red background, like the Swiss flag, a red cross was to be laid against a white background. This led to the official name of the Red Cross.

This was not, however, the first time that the symbol of a red cross was given as a sprig of hope to mankind. There is official record of a far earlier red cross which was sewn on the mantle and cassock of members of

a religious society in the city of Rome. In 1586, after receiving Papal approval of their organization, together with permission to use the Red Cross as a symbol of their work, the members of the community known as "The Clerics Regular Ministers of the Sick" marched to St. Peter's Basilica on the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul with the Red Cross on their breasts, and there, before the high altar, pledged their work to God for all time under the symbol of the Cross which Christ had made red by His Precious Blood.

The Clerics Regular Ministers of the Sick were the forerunners of our modern nursing system, except that in those days nurses were always men. The founder of the Order, St. Camillus de Lellis, has been designated by the Church as official Patron of the sick and of hospitals and nurses.

**C**AMILLUS' concern for the neglected sick probably originated on the day when he and his father were on their way to join the army of Naples, both destitute and ill. The illness came on suddenly and, having no money, they had no place to go for help. Seeing that his father was dying and knowing that his parent had led a very sinful life in the army camps of Europe, while neglecting his wife and home, the wretched Camillus, who was following in his father's footsteps, dragged himself off to find a priest. He returned with him in time to save his father's soul, the older De Lellis repenting and dying a Christian death on the roadside.

With his father buried, 19-year-old Camillus faced the world alone. He was visibly shaken by the rough experience, but he remembered what his mother had taught him about religion before she died, when he was 12. Since then he had given little thought to her teachings. Like his father, he had a passion for gambling and was quarrelsome. He did want to mend his ways, however, so he set out for Aquila, where he had an uncle who was a Franciscan. The youth intended to enter the monastery.

The Franciscans were not as enthusiastic at receiving Camillus into their midst as the youth was to enter. They were kind to him, but sent him on his way when he was well and healthy once again. Back in the army, Camillus returned to his old passions until he was afflicted with a running sore on his leg, which forced him to accept work in a hospital in Rome while undergoing treatment. When he began to play cards and quarrel with the other servants Camillus was dismissed. Again he tried the army, failed, and tried to enter the Capuchin monastery. The rough habit renewed the sore on his foot.

A return trip to the hospital was the turning point in the life of Camillus. This time he behaved and found himself developing a profound sympathy for the sick. With several fellow nurses he founded an order of his own, dedicated to the care of the neglected sick. Before long the victims of pestilence in alleys and along river banks found themselves cared for by



men wearing a Red Cross on their breasts.

It might be said that St. Camillus' mission was the first phase of establishing a Red Cross service. The second phase came about 300 years later, when a wealthy young man with keen sensibilities named Henri Dunant traveled from Switzerland to Italy and walked directly into a war between the forces of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and the French Army of Napoleon III. He witnessed the battle of Solferino and was horrified at the way the wounded and dying were neglected. There was no organization to carry the wounded from the field, no one to dress the gaping wounds, no one to give a drink of water to the dying. Nothing was done for anyone until the battle was over and the armies had left the field. Even then little was done, only the soldiers who survived trying to help their fallen friends with the help of a few village women and the local priests.

Dunant set to work to help relieve the distress of the wounded men. He set up the first Red Cross station in a Catholic Church in the little town of Castiglione, Italy, and recruited an army of helpers which included some of the soldiers, village women, local priests, a French journalist, two English tourists and half a dozen doctors from neighboring towns. The Church of Chiese Maggiore was able to hold 500 wounded men, while 500 more could be cared for on the ground outside. Other wounded, by the thousands, lay in the streets of the town unattended until Dunant's workers were able to get to them. For three nights and days the little group of volunteers worked among the sick without rest. They saved the lives of many, but many others were lost through sheer neglect.

DUNANT was never able to forget the terrible scene which he had witnessed. When he returned home he wrote a book describing the tragedy and outlining a plan for help to men on the battlefields, out of which pat-

tern the Red Cross has grown. Men of importance began calling on Dunant to discuss his plan. They planned a conference to lay the ground work for such an organization. Representatives from all European countries were invited. The date for the meeting was set for October 26, 1863. Fourteen countries responded and the Geneva Conference was opened.

THE DELEGATES drew up a plan by which relief societies should be formed in each country and which provided that all medical men and women and equipment be considered neutral so they could serve unmolested behind the lines; that a distinctive flag be adopted and that, in time of peace, supplies should be gathered and personnel trained.

The delegates returned home and submitted the plan to their respective governments. The United States sent no formal delegate to the conference, but our minister to Switzerland, Mr. G. C. Fogg attended, accompanied by Mr. Charles Bowles, European agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, an organization similar in character to that being advocated at the convention. The treaty which embraced the Red Cross in its provisions was signed almost immediately by Switzerland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, Spain and the Vatican States. Others came in one by one through the years.

The United States did not ratify the Treaty until 1882. For many years following the Civil War we had an association known as "The American Association for Relief on the Battlefields," which performed a function similar to that of the Red Cross. It was a continuation of the Civil War's Sanitary Commission. Incidentally, its official insignia was also a red cross on a white background, the same as the European Red Cross symbol. As the years passed, however, the American Association dwindled into insignificance and finally died out.

Clara Barton, a Massachusetts school

teacher, started a crusade for official U. S. affiliation with the International Red Cross. In spite of ill health she traveled to Europe, lectured on the subject throughout the United States and pleaded with officials in Washington for the cause. She made progress, but failed to achieve her purpose until 1882, when the Treaty was finally ratified by Congress and the President, Chester Arthur. The first Red Cross station was established at Dansville, N. Y. and was no more than established when a devastating forest fire swept across our northern states.

It was decided that inasmuch as we did not engage too frequently in wars that our Red Cross should serve the nation in times of emergency, local or national. Floods in the Mississippi Valley, earthquakes, devastating fires, all such tragedies became wards of the American Red Cross. Its workers were expected to be the first on the scene to offer help, and they generally were, and are.

THE LATEST and perhaps most important advance made by the Red Cross in recent times is its blood bank program. Two thousand such banks are now operating throughout the country, handling more than 2,500,000 pints of blood a year.

The champion blood donor in the United States is Father Alexander Butkowsky, pastor of St. John the Baptist Roman Catholic Church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., known familiarly as "Father Buddy." His recent 105th donation brings his total gift to 14 gallons and 2 pints. His was the first pint of whole blood to reach soldiers wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. Another pint went to a soldier in Luzon, in the Philippines, who lost a leg.

A Red Cross on the breast of St. Camillus and his spiritual brothers was the badge of hope to a plague stricken beggar on the streets of Rome, in the year 1600, and is still the same symbol of hope to wounded American G.I.'s in the rice paddies of Korea.



# ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT

## *A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization*

by **F. A. M.**

**T**HE KEY to successful monthly Holy Name programs is an intelligent, enthusiastic, and sincere monthly officers' meeting held well in advance of the Holy Name Sunday in question. Having realized this basic fact, we have been attempting each month in these columns to record for you in an interesting way the highlights of such an officers' meeting. From these monthly articles it is our hope that the reader will secure the know-how of conducting officers' meetings and providing and promoting monthly programs. These columns also provide an energetic President with plenty of ready-made program suggestions.

May we invite you again, therefore, to travel in your imagination to St. Bede's February Officers' Meeting and to listen with us as they plan their March Holy Name Sunday activities.

### **March Program.**

Ed James, the President, in opening the meeting, explained to his fellow officers that their adopted program for the year called for a Father and Son Observance on the second Sunday in March. In explaining the reason for the Society's Father and Son Month, Ed reminded his group that the sons of today will be the leaders of tomorrow. It is obvious, too, he told them, that the boys of today will be the Holy Name men of tomorrow, and, therefore, wise Holy Name officers will plan not only for the program of the day but will always keep in mind the future of the Society. Keeping the future of the Society in mind means planning for tomorrow as well as today. The observance of a Father and Son Month, then, is a very logical activity of the Society, and,

with this in mind, the month of March is set aside toward working for a closer tie-up between our present and future membership.

### **Promoting Attendance**

The first item of discussion, of course, was methods for promoting the attendance of as many fathers and sons of the parish as possible. Jim Murphy, the Vice-President, immediately suggested that an outstanding printed announcement of this Father and Son Communion Day be sent to every man and boy in the parish. He recommended that the Secretary use the parish list rather than the Holy Name roster and that he secure the names of all the boys in the parochial school. He advocated that this notice be sent approximately a week before Holy Name Sunday.

Al Finnegan, the Membership Chairman, suggested also that a special pulpit announcement be made at every Mass on the two Sundays preceding Holy Name Sunday. He also thought it would be beneficial to place a special boxed notice in the printed Church bulletin for two Sundays in advance. He thought possibly that the Society could reimburse the parish for this advertisement. The Spiritual Director immediately agreed to the special pulpit announcements and indicated if an ad space were available in the bulletin he would be very happy to utilize the space for the purpose indicated. He asked Al Finnegan whether he would be willing to write up a copy for the Church bulletin ad. Al immediately indicated that he had given some thought to the matter before the meeting and would like to present the following notice for the approval of the group. The notice read as follows:

### **ATTENTION**

Fathers and Sons of St. Bede's Parish  
St. Bede's Holy Name Society  
Invites all Fathers and Sons

### **TO ATTEND**

Corporate Holy Name Communion  
Sunday, March 9th—7:30 A.M. Mass  
No Father Can Afford to Miss  
No Son Will Want to Miss

**BREAKFAST MEETING**  
Immediately Following Mass

Earl Thompson, the Catholic Action Chairman, had another attendance promotional idea. He asked the Spiritual Director whether it would be possible to extend an invitation to all the boys of the parish through the youth organization. Father thought it would be well to do so and assured the group that he would speak to the Spiritual Director of the youth group. He was sure he would take care of it. Earl also recommended an arrangement with the Sisters in the school whereby if possible on the Friday preceding Holy Name Sunday each boy would take home a little note to his dad. He suggested a note something like the following:

Dear Dad:

Next Sunday is Fathers and Sons Day for the Holy Name Society. All the boys and the men of the parish are going to attend a Corporate Communion Mass at 7:30 A.M. and are going to enjoy a swell breakfast and program right after Mass. All the fellows in my class want to go and so do I. How about it, Dad?

Your Son,  
Joe



This idea really rang the bell, and everybody was enthusiastic about it. Earl was directed to make the contact with the Sisters and was informed by the Spiritual Director that the project had his approval.

Since everyone was interested in making this affair the largest corporate Communion of men and boys in the history of the parish, someone suggested that a poster be prepared with all important information relative to the affair printed thereon and posted in the Church vestibule and school hall as soon as possible. Charles Brown told the group that one of the members was handy at preparing such posters, and if it was agreeable he would take care of the matter and see that they were not only made up but posted in appropriate places. In an effort not to miss any opportunity the group also decided to contact the ladies society in the parish and ask them to remind their members to see to it that the fathers and sons of their families participated. You can readily see that with the above promotional ideas the event was going to become an outstanding parish activity. Undoubtedly, too, many new members would be brought into the organization through an activity of this kind, and Al Finnegan told the group that his Committee would be on hand to utilize the opportunity of the day to formally sign up new men attending.

### Communion Intention

With all promotional attendance ideas worked out, Ed James told the group that the Communion Intention for March would, of course, be "My Dad" or "My Son" as the case may be.

### At the Meeting

In discussing plans for the breakfast meeting it was, first of all, agreed that a special breakfast menu would be prepared which would not only attract the men to the meeting but would keep them coming for succeeding months. The question came up as to whether to seat the boys together at a set of tables or whether to allow fathers and sons to be seated together. It was decided that at an affair of this kind fathers and sons

should be allowed to sit together and to make the affair a happy family activity. As to a speaker for the breakfast meeting, George Smith suggested that the President make an effort to secure the Honorable George Hawks, the Judge of the Juvenile Court. Everyone agreed that this was an excellent suggestion, and the President assumed the responsibility of making the necessary contacts. Someone asked whether or not a regular business meeting would be conducted at the breakfast meeting, due to the fact that a great number of boys would be present. After some discussion it was agreed to conduct a complete business meeting, streamlined to a certain degree to fit into the time limit of the program. Everyone felt it would give the boys an opportunity to realize what the Society stands for, what it's doing and how it's doing it. Jim Murphy suggested that the entertainment feature of the meeting be turned to the Sister in charge of the eighth grade. He felt it would be an attraction to have the eighth grade boys present some type of entertainment feature. Everyone agreed, providing the Sister in charge would be willing to assume this extra responsibility. Don Sebastian, the Treasurer, recommended that a number of attendance prizes be purchased and presented to some of the boys in attendance. These prizes could be distributed on the basis of drawing names out of a hat. The recommendation received approval, with the added suggestion that an attendance prize also be presented to the father with the largest number of sons present and to the oldest and youngest father present.

### Holy Thursday Vigil

The next item of business was to lay out plans for the observance of an All-Night Vigil on Holy Thursday, since this event would occur before the April Holy Name Communion Sunday. Ed James recalled for the group the fact that the Society had been conducting the All-Night Vigil on Holy Thursday for the past few years, and he presumed that the present group of officers was interested in continuing this practice. The program called for one-hour peri-

ods of adoration from 9:00 P.M. on Holy Thursday to 7:00 A.M. on Good Friday morning. The plan followed last year was explained to the group. A Chairman was appointed for the activity, and Holy Name men were requested in advance to sign up for whatever hour during the night that they choose. A Prayer Leader was appointed for each hour during the night. Anyone wishing to sign up for any hour could so indicate his desire, and the Committee in charge would assign such individuals to the hours least chosen by other men. This signing up for the Holy Thursday Vigil was done at the breakfast meeting preceding Holy Thursday which, of course, this year would have to be the March meeting. On the Monday preceding Holy Thursday, a government card was sent to each individual that signed up, reminding him of the hour that was chosen and that he would be expected to attend. The Spiritual Director had drawn up a schedule of prayers and hymns to be used during the hours of adoration, and this schedule, of course, could be used again this year. All the officers were in agreement to follow the plan of last year. George Smith, the Retreat Chairman, was appointed Chairman of the activity. Charlie Brown agreed to cooperate with George in assisting him in sending out all necessary notices. It was also decided to invite all members of the parish who desired to join the Holy Name men in this manifestation of love and devotion to the Eucharistic King.

### April Preview

The officers' meeting came to a close with the reminder by Ed James that the April Communion Sunday would be observed as Spiritual Director's Sunday. The officers were asked to think in terms of this activity prior to the next officers' meeting, so that all suggestions and ideas could be worked out for a successful program in April. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned, and you and I were on our way home again after listening to a group of interested officers work out a successful program.

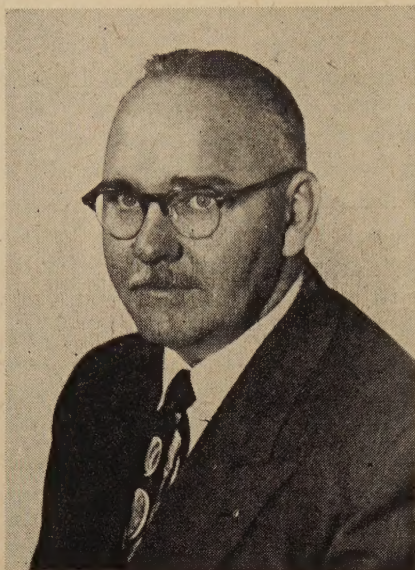


# Holy Name Man In Action

**J**AMES B. ELDER is a name well known throughout his Diocese of Pittsburgh. A member of the Executive Board of the Diocesan Union of Holy Name Societies and a lifelong member of Saint Andrew's Church in the industrialized North Side of Pittsburgh, Mr. Elder has blazed a trail of promotion for the peace plan from Heaven of Our Lady of the Rosary. In 1948 a continuous weekly Novena to Our Lady of Fatima was begun in Father John Hackett's Northside parish. In the same month of Mary, James Elder began his 35,000 mile tour through four dioceses in behalf of Our Lady's cause for peace. Since that time some 90,000 people, young and old, white and colored, have come to know of the message of Fatima.

In the depression days in Pittsburgh Mr. Elder was two years without employment. He made a Novena to the Blessed Mother and was rewarded with the secure position he still holds as an equipment operator. In gratitude, he promised to make Our Blessed Mother better known and loved. Spreading word of the apparitions at Fatima gave him his long awaited opportunity. With his "Fatima car" and a film slide of the Fatima story his crusade for Our Lady began with a first showing at a picnic for the Saint Gerard Family Guild in one of the city public parks. From that day forward he has shown the "Story of Fatima," by Father Cacella, to Communion Breakfast groups, Holy Name meetings, countless school children, Protestant church groups, people attracted by outdoor summer showings, Block Rosary groups—in short, wherever he was asked to come.

**M**R. ELDER's crusade is carried on under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Holy Name Society, in which he serves as Chairman of the Fatima Committee. As an apostle and slave of Mary through



JAMES B. ELDER

the consecration of St. Grignon de Montfort, Mr. Elder has seen countless Block Rosaries and Family Rosaries begun through his presentation of the Fatima message and the inspirational talk which concludes every showing. Typical of these results was his beginning the continuous Rosary said by the inmates of the Western Penitentiary on Pittsburgh's North Side, where a statue of Our Lady of Fatima graces their Chapel permanently.

The prison's statue of Our Lady of Fatima is but one of the twenty-seven statues which Mr. Elder has obtained for placing in homes and institutions. Four feet in height, these beautifully executed statues have brought solace and peace to thousands of families and hospital shut-ins. Mr. Elder and his small committee arrange for delivery and removal of the statues. It is worthy of note that there has never been and never will be any financial consideration or remuneration for services rendered. Free-will offerings for gasoline or other expenses are in every case, without exception, politely but firmly refused. "This is Our Lady's work," Mr. Elder says, "and she will see to the providing of any necessities." And she always has.

Mr. Elder is the father of six children,

five of whom are living. His wife, Edith, is a convert to the Faith. So great is the love of James Elder for Our Blessed Mother that his last two children have been named Francis and Jacinta, in honor of the children to whom Our Lady appeared at Fatima. When 18 month-old Francis was born, the attending physician informed the father that the mother's delivery would make her condition almost fatal and that the newborn Francis would be deformed for life because of the difficult birth. Mr. Elder, the attending Sister related, did as she told the doctor he would do. "Sister, I'm going to the chapel to say my Rosary." The wife recovered instantly and the 18 month-old Francis today shows no sign of the physical deformities which had been marked out for him. Such is the result of the faith of this modern Apostle of Mary.

**W**HAT HAS BEEN Mr. Elder's most inspiring remembrance of his many Marian pilgrimages? All have been rewarding, but one in particular stands out in his memory. "A woman going blind gave me two dollars for literature about Fatima. It was the first time she had heard of Our Lady's message, and she said it would be the last time she would ever see the beautiful film story."

Why does this Carmelite tertiary spend night after night traveling great distances to tell of Fatima to audiences of from fifteen to five-hundred? "Because I believe in the message and it's my job to promote it," says James Elder.

Every Holy Name man can do what this one man is doing. What is his greatest satisfaction? Mr. Elder, who never finished grade school, answers simply and humbly: "When people thank me for telling them about Fatima and promise to say the Family Rosary and fulfill the conditions laid down by Our Lady at Fatima."

In his humble home at 1020 Kirkbride St., Pittsburgh 33, Pa., thousands of pieces of literature go out daily to some part of the great Diocese of Pittsburgh. This unlettered layman believes with all his soul that "Fatima is the only way to peace."



# SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

**T**HIS IS THE TIME of year when the hot stove loop heats up to a red hot degree. Some overzealous baseball enthusiasts become so worked up over their contentions that they are worn to a frazzle long before President Harry Truman tosses that "Opening Day" ball in Washington, along about mid-April. Others, who enjoy good "bullpen" sessions, are happy over the conversation, no matter if the subject discussed is serious or humorous. This writer, for instance, prefers the comic side of things, particularly if the story happens to be frank and factual.

Of the many discussions we have encountered in recent weeks, perhaps the most amusing was centered on an incident that occurred in a Washington-Boston Red Sox game in Griffith Stadium last June.

That was the contest in which diaper-changing, a duty in which Sid Hudson of the Senators sparkles no more than most husbands, caused his removal in the sixth-inning.

The incident ignited a heated argument involving Managers Bucky Harris of Washington and the now-demoted Steve O'Neill of the Bosox. Bill Summers, the plate umpire, also figured heavily in the diamond debate.

It seems that Nancy Ruth, Hudson's two-month-old daughter, required a quick change the day before and Sid volunteered for the task. In carrying out the assignment, Hudson stuck one of his pitching fingers. "I flinched, and the pin really dug in," Sid explained. "As I jerked my hand away I got a deep scratch."

So, in the sixth inning, Hudson was going along beautifully with a 6-0 lead when an error by Cass Michaels and four Red Sox singles led to three runs. Hudson's hand began to bleed and

Manager Harris promptly signaled for Tom Ferrick to warm up in the bullpen.

Then the argument started. Harris contended that since Hudson was injured, Ferrick should be allotted unlimited time to warm up. While Bucky was arguing, Ferrick was losing no time in warming up. Manager Steve O'Neill protested and Umpire Summers ordered Ferrick to cease firing.

Summers also summoned the Senator's club physician from the stands to examine Hudson's maimed hand. He attested that Sid was injured, and the umpire requested that the physician inform O'Neill of his diagnosis. Steve, however, remained dissatisfied. He continued to press the issue after Ferrick quelled the Bosox rally. All of which leaves several morals to the story:

Diaper-changing can be dangerous. Umpires are human. And, per usual, there was a doctor in the house—e-er grandstand!

## More Fuel for Fire

Paul Richards, the miracle-manager of the Chicago White Sox, isn't too alarmed about the way several minor league clubs are folding these days. Fact is, he believes it all may eventually be a good thing for baseball.

Richards believes that most of baseball's troubles could be cured by an "unrestricted draft" and the demolishing of the expensive farm system. He reasons that with an unrestricted draft, the minor league clubs could operate profitably by selling their stars.

"It's not healthy when a scout boasts how he talked a young prospect out of following another career by giving him a bonus of \$20,000 to sign a contract," Richards continued. "Baseball no longer is something to be attained and hard to enter.

"Parents are another factor contributing to the shortage of material. There is so much pressure in some sectors of the country to force athletes to play football instead of baseball. A boy should be allowed to play the sport he likes best.

"A good baseball player must have everything—arm, speed, body, reflexes and co-ordination. A baseball player can be trained to play any other sport well, but you can't say that for a football player or a basketball player. That's why baseball is our national game—it requires the most from an athlete."

Well, what do you think?

## Just About Represented

Of passing interest is the fact that of the 32 players and 21 coaches elected to the Football Hall of Fame at Rutgers University last November, Catholic colleges were just about represented. And even then, Notre Dame was the only one which contributed to the hallowed Hall.

In the player group, Notre Dame's George Gipp and Elmer Layden received the nod. And, it goes without saying, Knute Rockne was included in the coaches' category.

Time, no doubt, will find more Catholic college heroes joining the select groups.

## Signs of Spring

It won't be long now before baseball players will be heading for their respective training camps to get in shape for another seasonal grind. This thought brings to mind the story about the colorful Dizzy Dean and the day he arrived at the St. Louis Cardinals training camp at Bradenton, Florida, in 1931. He was only a few hours in camp when everybody knew him. Fact is, he felt so much at home that he announced that he



would win 30 games. He then went out to prove that he was a man of his word by deliberately filling the bases with the World Champion Philadelphia Athletics, while Branch Rickey and Sam Breadon, the Card's major domos, looked on. Then, in typical Diz fashion, he proceeded to strike out Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane and Jimmy Foxx with ten pitched balls.

Rickey was impressed with Dean's pitching but not with his banking habits. One evening Diz was expounding in the hotel lobby on Owner Sam Breadon calling him all sorts of miserly nicknames when suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder,

"Come to my room, Mr. Dean," the man said.

Diz disappeared, with Breadon expecting the worse. But soon he was back, triumphantly holding two \$1 bills in the air.

"Got the raise," he was hollering happily.

His joy was short-lived. A few days later, Dean was en route back to Texas. Upon hearing the news, one quick-witted Cardinal remarked,

"That's the first time a team lost 30 games in one day!"

#### About Another Card

Recalling Ol' Diz' Dean brings to mind his riotous teammate Pepper Martin, one of the original Gashouse Gang. One season Pepper was always falling asleep on the bench. He had received

permission from Branch Rickey to enter a car in the midget auto races but was told not to drive the souped-up contraption. And he kept his promise too. What he failed to tell Branch, however, was that he generally pushed the miniature machine around the track to get it started. No wonder that he was so worn out from his efforts he would doze off between innings of the ball game.

#### Rapier Retorts

Horace Heckler wishes he could get his work done as thoroughly as Ray Robinson. And as flawlessly as Jackie.

Ed Milkovich, St. Bonaventure basketball coach, has legally changed his name to Edward Michael Melvin, "Melvin!" That oughta make a big hit with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis!

Poetic Query: Will the Yanks be a sorry sight, with no DiMag dynamite?

In interviews, the hitters insist the 1951 ball was deader. That's a pitch which has most pitchers warmed up for a lively argument.

Rubber basketballs are becoming more and more popular in high schools ranks. Could it be because there's more bounce to the trounce?

When Ottawa played Regina for Canada's Grey Cup football title, the game was delayed for several minutes. Someone forgot to bring a football.

#### Tiger President Passes

A great and generous friend of baseball, Walter O. Briggs, God rest him, has gone to his eternal reward. He was fortified by the Last Sacraments in his last hours and was buried from the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament in Detroit.

It was in Briggs Stadium, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Briggs, that the Holy Name Society held its magnificent Holy Hour during the National Convention last October. A handsome, modern plant, the home field of the Tigers is one of the world's finest stadia.

Walter O. Briggs, Jr., who in his younger days played second base for Georgetown University, succeeds his father as president of the Detroit Club.

